

Special Midsummer Number

Broadway

Magazine



August, 1899

Price 10 Cents



Beautiful Women

FRECKLES and TAN Positively Removed

Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach

THE RELIABLE REMEDY



OR MORE than 20 years Mme. A. Ruppert's Renowned Face Bleach has been the only reliable remedy for beautifying the complexion and for removing entirely all diseases and discolorations from the skin.

The public in that time have seen the rise and fall of many imitators, but Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach still stands unequalled in its wonderful merit, and each year has seen an increase in the demand for this wonderful preparation, until now its sale has reached almost a million bottles annually.

The following facts make Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach so popular

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2. It is an external application, the presence of which cannot be detected.
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The price of Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles—sometimes required—\$5.00. It can be had at the parlors of Mme. Ruppert or can be sent safely by express, securely packed in plain wrapper, to any address on receipt of price. All correspondence is strictly confidential. Mme. Ruppert never uses the names of her patrons for testimonials, as she regards the delicacy of women in such matters too highly. You are cordially invited to call or write and all your inquiries will be cheerfully answered. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How To Be Beautiful," will be mailed you upon request, or can be had at parlors.

Mme. A. RUPPERT

8-10 EAST 14th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Western Office: 155 State St., Chicago, Ill.





From a photo by Dana, New York

STELLA KENNEY.

JUST ONE OF A KIND.



THE AMERICAN SUMMER GIRL SPEAKS.

Now, all ye little Cupids of the seashore, hither
 come,
 And listen most attentively to me :
 For I earnestly desire
 When the summer months expire
 To be told just what my fate is going to be.

Will I be engaged for keeps—I mean for marriage
 —unto some
 Delightful fellow, or be left alone?
 Will one man monopolize me,
 Try to boss and tyrannize me,
 Or will several set me up upon a throne?



From a wash drawing by Ethel Johnson.

THE CUPIDS' REPLY.

We cannot tell the future, but we hope you'll find
 your knight,
 And regarding gossip, take great care you
 should ;
 It depends how you behave
 When you're swimming in the wave,
 And the chaperons won't bother, if you're good.

We rather think, however, that you're coming out
 all right,
 For you have good looks and lots of pretty wit;
 And the American Girl in summer
 Is a hustler and a hummer,
 So never fear, my dear—you're always IT.
 P. P.

PENRYN
STANLAWS

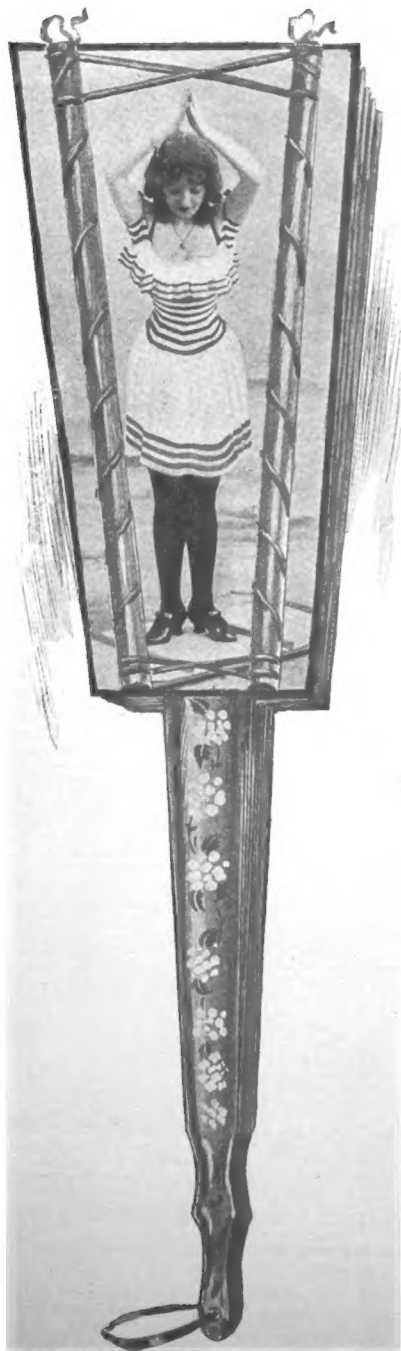


WHY SHE LOOKS UNHAPPY.

The men have all gone fishing and there isn't one
in sight,
Consequently of her wiles they're out of reach;
So it makes the maiden full of mad, and also spleen
and spite,
For she's now the only pebble on the beach.



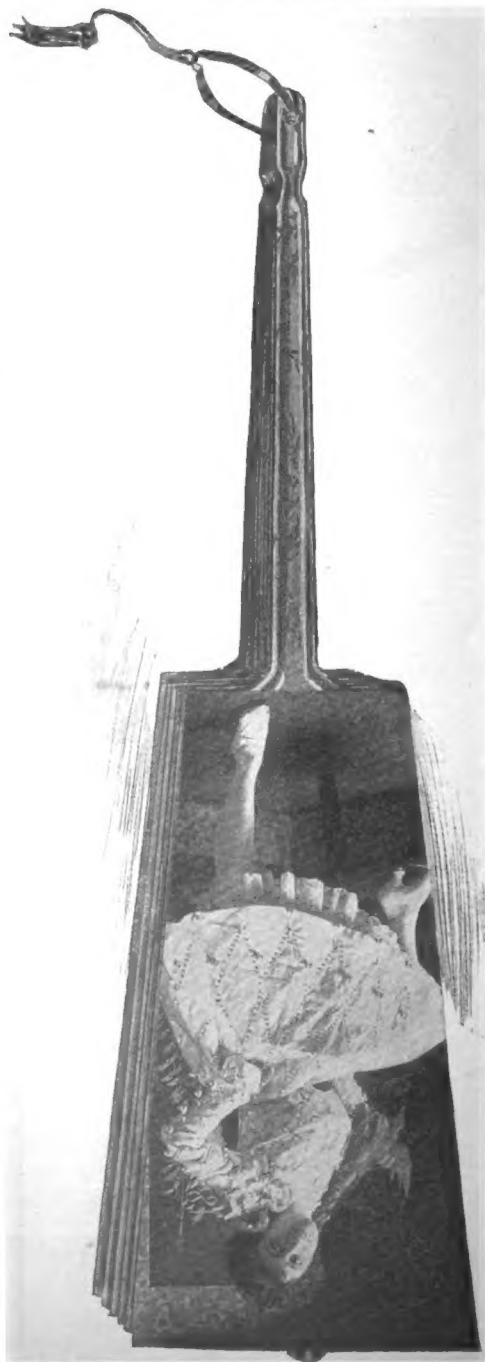
From a photo by Soblos, New York.
JEANNETTE BAGGARD.
Of "The Man in the Moon" Company.



From a photo by West, Boston.

ALICE BERWIN.

As a Nineteenth Century Nymph.



TO BE USED IN CASE OF SUMMER ONLY



Photo by Schloss, New York.

IRENE BENTLEY.



Copyright, 1899, by
Schloss, New York.

MARIE GEORGE.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

ETHEL JACKSON.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

SUSIE DRAKE



Photo by Sloan, Toronto.

HELEN ROYTON.

FIVE WAYS OF RAISING THE WIND.

**GERTIE PALMER.**Photo by Stemperey Studio,
Philadelphia.**FRANCES GRANT.**Photo by Chickering,
Boston.**MILDRED HOLLAND.**Photo by Chickering,
Boston.**HILDA CLARK.**Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood,
New York.**ALICE NEILSON.**Photo by Ye Rose Studio,
Providence.**GERTRUDE BENNETT.**Photo by Schloss,
New York.**CHARLOTTE CRANE.**Photo by Windeatt,
Chicago.**JEANNETTE LOWERIE.**Photo by Windeatt,
Chicago.**GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.**Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood,
New York.**NOT ALL OF THEM ARE STARS.**

That is to say, one or two of those that shine out upon you from above can boast of no more fame than attaches to comely faces and a desire to give nervous prostration to overworked cameras. Then again, some of them are so near stardom that they can almost shake hands with the man in the moon. You can pick these for yourself. We refuse. The others would make this weather even sultrier than it is for us. It's no fun picking favorites unless the odds are tempting.



From a photo by Reutlinger, Paris, and forwarded by our French representative, Frank Lloyd.

LATEST PICTURE OF SIBYL SANDERSON TERRY, WHO SINGS ONCE MORE.

It will be remembered that when Antonio Terry, the young Cuban planter, died, he did not leave his wife in that affluence which she supposed would be hers. In fact, his millions didn't materialize, and the erstwhile Sibyl Sanderson made up her mind to sing in opera again. It is not unlikely that we shall hear her in New York next season, notwithstanding her failure to hang our scalps at her belt when she was here last.



LETTICE FAIRFAX, FROM A NEW PORTRAIT BY CARLE J. BLENNER.

Miss Fairfax is the young English actress who has appeared in America in the musical comedies produced by the late Augustin Daly. She is now a member of Beerbohm Tree's Company in London. This portrait of her was recently finished by Carle J. Blenner, and was photographed in his studio for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.



THE
HENGLER
SISTERS
WHO HAVE
MADE A
HIT IN
EUROPEAN
MUSIC
ITALY.

Flora and
May are
their
separate
names,
and they
were once
known as
"The
Child
Singers."

THE BEAUTY SHOW IN PARIS.*

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SECURED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE BY FRANK LLOYD, ITS PARIS REPRESENTATIVE.

WELL, and so Mademoiselle Jeanne Dortzal got the prize for beauty.

There is a general feeling here that she deserved it, and great respect is felt for the jury who made the award, the names of the members of which are below. However, there are many individuals who consider the decision very faulty, though, while they agree as to this, they all think differently when it comes to imagining a revised award. These individuals are, as I hardly need mention, the other contestants.

The affair was supposed to be international, and anyone could enter for the prize as long as the contestant was of the feminine gender, this was considered essential. She could be young or middle-aged or old; she could be rich or poor, of high or low birth, virtuous or the opposite; French, German, English, Spanish, Portuguese, American—of any nationality; in fact, the competitor could be anything she pleased save a man—that she was not allowed, under any circumstances whatever, to be. No. They were very strict about it. Queer lot, these Frenchmen.

But to resume. There was a large number of contestants, but all of them were fairly young, and not one appeared who did not present some valid claim

to beauty. In spite of the competition being international, there were few not

French. As for American girls, there were none—which shows, I think, their good sense.

Now these are the names of the jurors: Sarah Bernhardt,

great actress.

M. Henner,

M. Besnard,

great painters.

M. Rodin,

M. Falguière,

great sculptors.

Catulle Mendes,

great writer.

Pedro Gailhard,

great opera director.

Jules Cheret,

great poster artist.

M. Doucet,

Mr. Redfern,

great dress-makers.

Their system of examination was a good one. The women did not sit around on a platform, as they might do at a dime museum in New York, but each aspirant was examined privately and separately by the jury. Sometimes all the jury was not present, in which case those who were absent would take some other opportunity of gazing upon the fair one. (I may say here that immense bribes were offered by certain persons to certain persons of the jury to allow the bribers to take their places as



MLLE. JEANNE DORTZAL,

The singer of the Vaudeville Theatre, who won the beauty prize in Paris.

private examiners on two or three occasions. I do not believe that the bribes

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Lloyd was commissioned to get a special and exclusive set of pictures for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. These photographs are the result. They positively will not appear in any other publication in America or on the Continent.

were accepted, but it only goes to show how eager some of these French fellows were to acquire knowledge. They just thirsted for it.) The jury then compared notes.

It was found that each of the ten was anxious to decide in favor of Mlle. Dortzal.

Who is Dortzal?

She is a vaudevillian. She sings songs and flirts skirts at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris, but the jury came to the conclusion that she had more soul, sweeter expression, greater dignity, finer carriage, gracefuller form, richer color and handsomer features than all the other women who wanted the prize.

So Jeanne Dortzal got the crown of beauty.

I am sending with this a photograph



MADAME XARIETTE.



Mlle. ISABELLE.

of Jeanne and of some others, which I can assure you are an exclusive set, and, as you will note, are something new in the way of photographs. They were taken especially for me, as the BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S commissioner, by Dartel, one of the cleverest of Parisian photographers.

What I want to draw your attention to in these photographs, outside of them being portraits of would-be beauty-prize-winners, is the manner of taking. I think I may safely premise the idea is new to New Yorkers. The photographer will not disclose his methods, but it is probably nothing more than having the photographee pose behind an arrangement representing a church window. There is a reason for it.

Just now all the rage in Paris is the face radiating with "religious light." It is characteristic of Cavalieri's beauty; it is characteristic of Jeanne Dortzal's beauty; it is even characteristic of Sarah Bernhardt's—well, not beauty, but features, when she chooses to look that way. (She can look like anything, that

The Beauty Show in Paris.

woman, from a cheetah to a rat-catcher's daughter.) Of course, French-women, like all other women, hasten to follow the fashion, and so these other competitors went to Dartel's photograph gallery and had themselves taken that way—the easiest way for them to look religious—in fact, you might say, the only way, because they have not been born with ultra-pious expressions. They are not what the French call *religieuses*. Not in the least. Not a bit. No.

The trouble, however, with some of these ladies is that they fail to understand the proportion of things. Take Mlle. Isabelle, for instance, sitting on a stile. People in church windows—St. Peter and those others—they never



MLLE. PAMPÈRE



MLLE. SANCLOS.

sat on stiles. I don't know, but I hardly think so. It seems disproportionate to me. But I send them to you for what they are worth.

Referring to the beauty contest again, I may say that it wasn't the affair of a few days. It has been going on ever since the beginning of April—and the first one examined and rejected is now known to her intimates as *Poisson d'Avril*—which, being translated literally, means "fish of April," or, in other words, "April fool." I avoid giving the name of this young woman (married, by the way), as she is of a sensitive disposition and susceptible to ridicule.

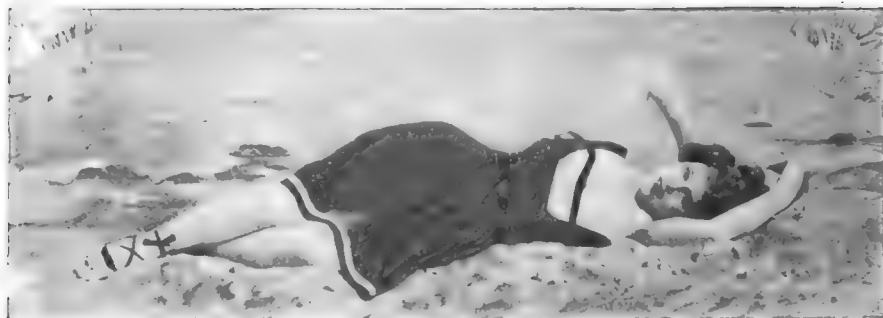
I remember there was a beauty show in New York some years ago, the prize being \$10,000. The winner was, if I recollect rightly, Louise Montague. It was stated at the time that she compromised on a portion of the reward. Dortzal got her crown all right.

August.



Broadway Magazine's

Midsummer Calendar.



THE BEAU AND THE BATHERS.

A condensed salt-water operetta in one act.

BY PERCIVAL PASH.

Dramatis Personæ:

PAULA PRITIE,	An Imposing Summer Girl.
MADGE MADCAPPE,	A Cute Summer Girl.
OSWALD ODDMAN,	A Stray Male.

Other Summer Girls of Different Brands, but All Peaches.

Scene: On the Sands at Narratlantic Beach.

Time: Afternoon of a Hot Summer Day.

Weather: Delightful.

As the scene opens, the Summer Girls are moving around on the beach in their gayly-colored, if abbreviated, bathing costumes. PAULA comes forward and sings.)

SONG—PAULA.

Here we are upon the beach,
Each is sweet as any peach,
And, indeed, we are particularly fruity.
See how gracefully we pose
In our natatory clothes—
Every costume is a corker and a beauty!
And although the whole amount
That is taken in account
Of material for dress is not extensive,
Yet the prices weren't at all
So proportionately small—
No, indeed, our bathing costumes were
expensive!

CHORUS.

Then it's ho! for the bathing dress, ha ha!
So tiny it cannot be less, ha ha!
Though the price that was paid
By each up-to-date maid
Caused her parents excessive distress, ha ha!
Yes—yes—yes—yes,
It caused them excessive distress!

(Grand ballet of Summer Girls. Suddenly PAULA darts out of the ranks, and looks towards the horizon. She is very agitated.)

RECITATIVE—PAULA.

But hold! Can I believe my eyes, or do I
dream?
I pray you all th' horizon closely now to
scan.

Ah! Hold me quickly, girls, or I shall
surely scream!
It can't be—yes, it is—no—yes, it is a
man!!!

(Tremendous excitement.)

CHORUS.

A man! A man!
We scarcely can
Believe the tidings gay!
But let's be slick,
And grab him quick,
Before he gets away!

(They rush forward in a body. Coming slowly down the beach is seen OSWALD ODDMAN. He is attired in regulation summer clothes. He lifts his straw hat politely to the girls, who crowd around him, fondle him gushingly, and call him pet names.)

DUET—OSWALD and PAULA.

OSWALD.

Fair maidens, to you I give greeting!
Auspicious indeed is this meeting!
Too long have I tarried
Without getting married,
And shall I in vain be entreating?
I'm supposed to possess
Good looks and address,
And shall I in vain be entreating?

PAULA.

We welcome you, masculine comer,
Be you student, or chap-
pie, or drummer,
But your summer
engagement
Must have one as-
suagement—
Which is, it must cease
with the summer!
For summer girls who
Respect themselves do
Not prolong their engage-
ments past summer!

OSWALD.

That dictum quite satisfies
me, girls,
And to it I quickly agree,
girls;
But you're each such a prize,
That the point must arise—
Which particular one shall it
be, girls?
Don't give me, I ask,
The invidious task
Of choosing which one it shall
be, girls!

*(Pause. The girls show
signs of dismay, and have a
hurried confab. It seems to
afford them no satisfaction,
and they break into the fol-
lowing:)*

CHORUS.

We do not know,
We cannot say;
But do not go,
Kind sir, away.
We'll have the blues,
And ne'er rejoice,
If you refuse
To make a choice.
There's more than one
Among us who
Would gladly
run
Away with
you!
So, kind sir,
come—
Which of us,
pray,
Shall be your
sum-
mer fiancée?

OSWALD
(blushing).

Now, really, girls, I'm in a most embarrass-
ing position,
And I never was in such a case before!



PAULA *(imperiously).*
Come, make your choice
among us with a
manly expedition,
Or we all will in a body
leave the shore!

OSWALD.
Well, if there's one
among you that is
braver than her
peers,
Fearing not the tongue of
jealousy or spleen,
I will take her if she prove
it, and as now these
words she hears,
She instinctively will know
just what I mean!

*(Another pause. Sud-
denly there is a wild cry,
and MADGE MADCAPPE is
seen to emerge from the
crowd, and rush pell-mell
towards the ocean. The
girls lift their voices to the
zenith in astonishment and
horror, but she falters
not nor fails, and boldly
plunges into the water up
to her chin. As she comes out
again, dripping, OSWALD
runs up to her and clasps
her to his shirt-front rap-
tulously, quite oblivious of
the effect on his habiliments.
Shouts from everybody.)*

OSWALD *(hilariously).*
Yes, yes, she is the one—
She is the one for me!
Oh, the glorious thing that
she has done!
She really went into the sea!
Her bravery none can e'er
forget;
With never a sigh that
showed regret
She really went into the
ocean wet,
So she is the girl for me!

MADGE *(cooly).*
Yes, yes, I am
the one—
I am the one for
you!
My suit will
very soon dry
in the sun.
And then be as
good as new!
ALL *(excitedly).*
Hurroo! Hurroo!
Hurroo!

*(OSWALD places
77.082 summer engagement rings on
MADGE's fingers and leads her away to the
music of the waves on the shore.) CURTAIN.*



COMPOSITE SNAP-SHOT OF
SUMMER VACATIONISTS.

1. Maxine Elliott.
2. Alice Nielson.
3. Marie Wainwright
4. William Gillette.
5. Wilma Stokes.
6. Harry Bosworth.
7. Laura Millard.
8. Marie Clements.

WHERE OUR THEATRICAL FOLK

LILLIAN RUSSELL says New York City is good enough for her in the Summer. This doesn't prevent her running down to Long Branch or Manhattan Beach whenever she is tired of the cable gong. She is scheduled for Europe this month.

JOHN DREW went abroad for his annual rest trip. With him were his immediate family and his niece, Ethel Barrymore.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS thinks Yonkers is the ideal Summer resort. He happens to own real estate there.

CHARLES FROHMAN is generally too busy to go anywhere in particular just because it's Summer. His trip to Europe was partially a vacation — but not altogether.

STUART ROBSON has been studying his new part of *Rivarez* in "The Gadfly" at his handsome home in the Atlantic Highlands. Mrs. Robson (May Waldron) does not appear in "The Gadfly."

MAUDE ADAMS has forgotten all about *Juliet* and *Babbie* in a contemplation of the rural delights of Long Island

MARIE WAINWRIGHT and her new husband, Theodore Roberts, have been sightseeing on the Continent.

GERTRUDE WHITEY has been visiting relatives in England. Her sister is the wife of "Big Ben" Webster, one of England's handsomest actors.

ADA REHAN is occupying her bungalow in Cumberland, England.

FRANCIS WILSON has been catching trains in New Rochelle for his New York office, where he is preparing for his next season's tour.

NAT GOODWIN, notwithstanding the not too tremendous English success of "The Lady and the Cowboy," has been enjoying himself in his beautiful English home near London. Mrs. Goodwin (Maxine Elliott) has a strong predilection for England, and so has her sister, Gertrude Elliott, who is with her.

RICHARD MANSFIELD is growing in Rye, N. Y., preparatory to his long growl at his company next season. Mr. Mansfield is a very consistent man.

CHARLES J. ROSS and Mrs. Ross (Mabel Fenton) have firmly established themselves as hotel proprietors in New Jersey. Miss Fenton will not return to Weber & Fields' Music Hall next Fall.

JOSEPH HOLLAND has been fishing in Massachusetts.

MAY IRWIN has a handsome Summer home on an island all to herself in the St. Lawrence.

JULIA MARLOWE and her husband, Robert Taber, for a short time enjoyed the bucolic delights of their Vermont farm home.



Alice Merrion.

Photo by Curran.



Photo by Curran.

TAKEN BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE
NEW REPEATER CAMERA.



9. Gus Pixley.
10. Gertrude Roosevelt.
11. Clara Hunter.
12. John Drew.
13. Lillian Russell.
14. De Wolf Hopper.
15. Violet Hazleton.

ARE RESTING DURING THE SUMMER.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S long form has been busy flying from place to place in Europe. Edna Wallace Hopper was in London, but the two did not meet there.

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S work in London has not prevented his enjoying life since he returned to this country.

CHARLES E. EVANS thinks Europe is pretty attractive after nine months of Broadway. But he always comes back.

JAMES K. HACKETT and wife (Mary Mannering) have been spending their vacations in England, where Mrs. Hackett was born.

VIOLA ALLEN generally spends the early part of her resting period in Scotland and England.

WILLIAM H. CRANE never forsakes his Summer home at Cohasset, Mass. He has been to New York a number of times to see about his new play to be produced in September.

A. L. HAYMAN, Charles Frohman's partner, spends much of each Summer in London and Paris.

JESSIE MILWARD has gone over to London to take a peep at dear old Drury Lane, the scene of so many of her earlier footlight successes.

CHARLES DICKSON and Mrs. Dickson (Lillian Burkhardt) have a cottage at Bath Beach.

PETER F. DAILEY is another Bath Beacher.

AND so is William West, the minstrel.

ISABELLE IRVING spends her Summer at Saranac Lake

"AUNT LOUISA" ELDRIDGE believes that an occasional trip to Coney Island is sufficient inducement for a Summer existence in New York's East Side. Her thirty-two years of residence in one spot in East Thirteenth Street has confirmed this impression.



Elliott
Page.

Photo by
Ellis.

CHARLES BARKER BRADFORD thinks Richmond Hill, Long Island, is the epitome of all that is satisfying in rural life.

GEORGE LEDERER generally spends some portion of the Summer in the country, but his New York Theatre and Aerial Magnolia Roof Garden have kept him pretty well tied down to Broadway

BIJOU FERNANDEZ transfers her gypsy beauty to her mother's New Rochelle cottage when the sun turns all New York into a steam-heated flat.

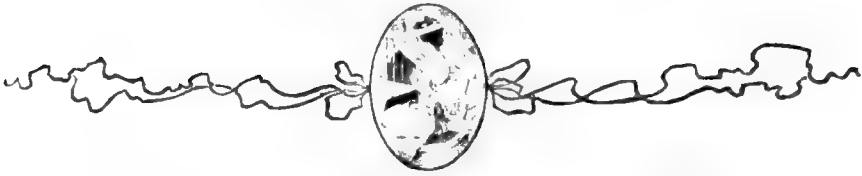
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM goes yachting whenever he can steal the time from his brindle pups, which are his greatest care on earth.

EDNA MAY finds life in a Thames cottage quite the most delightful of English experiences.



Edith
Crane

Photo
Dana.



A BELLE'S BATHING BOUDOIR.

With Illustrations by WALTON BARRETT.

Dear Mr. Editor of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

LONG BRANCH, July, 1899.

Your very nice letter received. Do you really think your readers would be interested in having me write about my little bath-house? Well, of course you do, or you wouldn't have sent me that letter, so here goes. I am sending some pictures of myself at home, done by a Mr. Walton Barrett, the brother of a very dear chum of mine; but you don't care anything about that, do you? I think you'll like the pictures, though.

In the first place, it was my own idea. Now, I'm not so awfully particular that I want the ocean for myself, because I *have* bathed at Coney Island in my time, but I'm one of those girls, Mr. Editor, who like to have everything about them real nice—and that includes the men, too. But especially it includes bathing facilities. So I had a nice little dwelling erected on the beach not a thousand miles from the Ocean House, and I had as nice furniture as I could afford to buy put in. And here I am spending my summer, and spending it very pleasantly.

Now, as to these pictures. Mr. Barrett's sister says he has caught my likeness *perfectly*, and my attitudes and my favorite poses. I really do think they are quite like me, but you must take into consideration that he wanted them to be more artistic than photographic, and I really didn't pose for each separate one of them. So there!

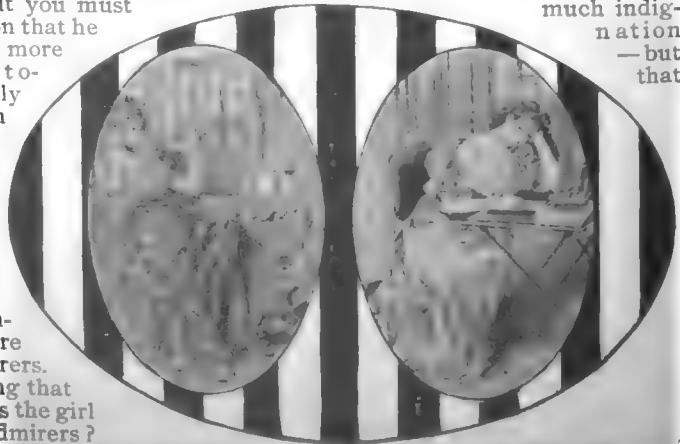
I'll tell you how I spend my day. I get up in the morning—well, not too early; say about ten—and eat my breakfast and read my mail and answer it. Oh yes, there are letters from admirers. I don't mind admitting that in the least. Where is the girl that doesn't have admirers? But *they* haven't anything to

do with the story of my bath-house, oh, dear me, no!

Of course the time when I bathe varies from day to day and depends upon the tide. I never like to let a single day go by without going into the ocean, even if it is raining, and I needn't say anything about my swimming, as you complimented me so nicely in your letter concerning that. But I can swim all right, if I do say it for myself, and I could make a show of myself each day in the water if I wanted to, especially as a good many Long Branch people are already deeply interested in me on account of my bath-house.

You mustn't think, by the way, that *everybody* here knows I've got a little bath-house of my own. The edifice doesn't stand out from the others with the words BATH-HOUSE or THIS IS A CURIOSITY painted on it, you know, and it is only my friends and my friends' friends and my friends' friends' friends and so on who know about it at all. I usually have lots of visitors, and a gay party of us is sometimes collected under the roof. Under such circumstances as these the suggestion of poker is not received with too

much indignation
—but
that



"Vain, always vain."

Where I write my invitations.

hasn't anything to do with my bath-house, either.

I forgot to tell you—and I know you will be interested in this, now—that my maid mixes me the sweetest little cocktail about eleven o'clock in the morning. Félice is a connoisseur herself in cocktails, and she tells me her father is a bartender at an American bar in Paris, and taught her how to make all sorts of American drinks. Félice is a treasure.

Well, I take a light lunch about half past two, and then I either go to sleep for a little while or else I amuse myself reading or something.

The something often consists of playing solitaire. Solitaire is not a very exciting game of cards, and it lacks the thrill of having some one to try to cheat occasionally, but I must confess that solitaire is the only thing that gives me any relief when I have an attack of ennui.



Arranging my crowning glory.



A little black for my eyebrows.



As my mirror sees me.



So very naïve.



Slipper comfort.



Some more toilet mystery.

I would recommend it to you, Mr. Editor,

only that it seems too hard to believe that a man getting out the BROADWAY MAGAZINE could possibly fall under the sway of ennui.

Also, when the afternoon is, oh! so hot, which it sometimes is in the summer months of the year, and I cannot sleep because of the intense warmth, I just sit in a chair and roast. I sit in the chair for the purpose of getting cool, but roasting is the usual result.

If I could afford two maids, I would have them take turns at fanning me in the afternoon, but I couldn't think of asking Félice to do that for me, poor creature. She's real willing, but there are limits, you know.

I suppose everybody has heard the story of the tramp who took his yearly bath at the seashore—I forget exactly how the story goes, but that's so like

a woman (I can hear you men saying it!) and I am reminded of it when I take my daily bath—in my bath tub. Bathing in the sea does not necessarily absolve one from soap and water, but, on the contrary, drives one to them, if anything. So, before retiring each night, I make a point of jumping into my porcelain tub and cooling off.

Mr. Barrett has made a picture of me under these circumstances, and also one of my saying good-night to the world. Please to understand, Mr. Editor, that these are among those painted by Mr. Barrett purely from description.

So now you know a little about my house. It has eight rooms altogether, and has two floors and a sort of lumber room under the roof. It is exceedingly cozy and is all my own, and I expect to spend a delightful summer here.

I shall be pleased to have you come and make a visit any time you and Mrs. BROADWAY MAGAZINE are down at the Branch. How's that?

Very sincerely,
BERTHA B—.

P. S. — By the way, I don't want any of your readers to imagine I'm drinking cocktails and playing poker the greater part of my time; if they do, they're wrong. I am *exceedingly circumspect* in my behavior, and if anybody thinks differently, he (or she, more than likely) and I will fall out. The good Long Branchers who come here are *always* well-behaved. So am I— or at least I'm careful.



I have my finely appointed bath.



Rest comes a welcome guest at night.

LIMITED IN HIS CHOICE.

HE was one of the gay throng at a Broadway music hall, whereto go men who desire to study life, and to learn the follies and to see the wickedness of the great city of Greater New York.

He was middle-aged and mild, of a sweet countenance, and withal he had coin to spend.

Ladies smiled at him, but he timidly withdrew himself, and, taking out a locket which contained a coil of light-brown hair, looked at it again and again, and sighed.

"Your wife's hair?" asked his friend.

"Yes," he sighed.

"Awfully fond of your wife?" asked his friend.

"She's a good woman; but she's suspicious," he answered.

"You appear to be very anxious to keep her in mind," said his friend.

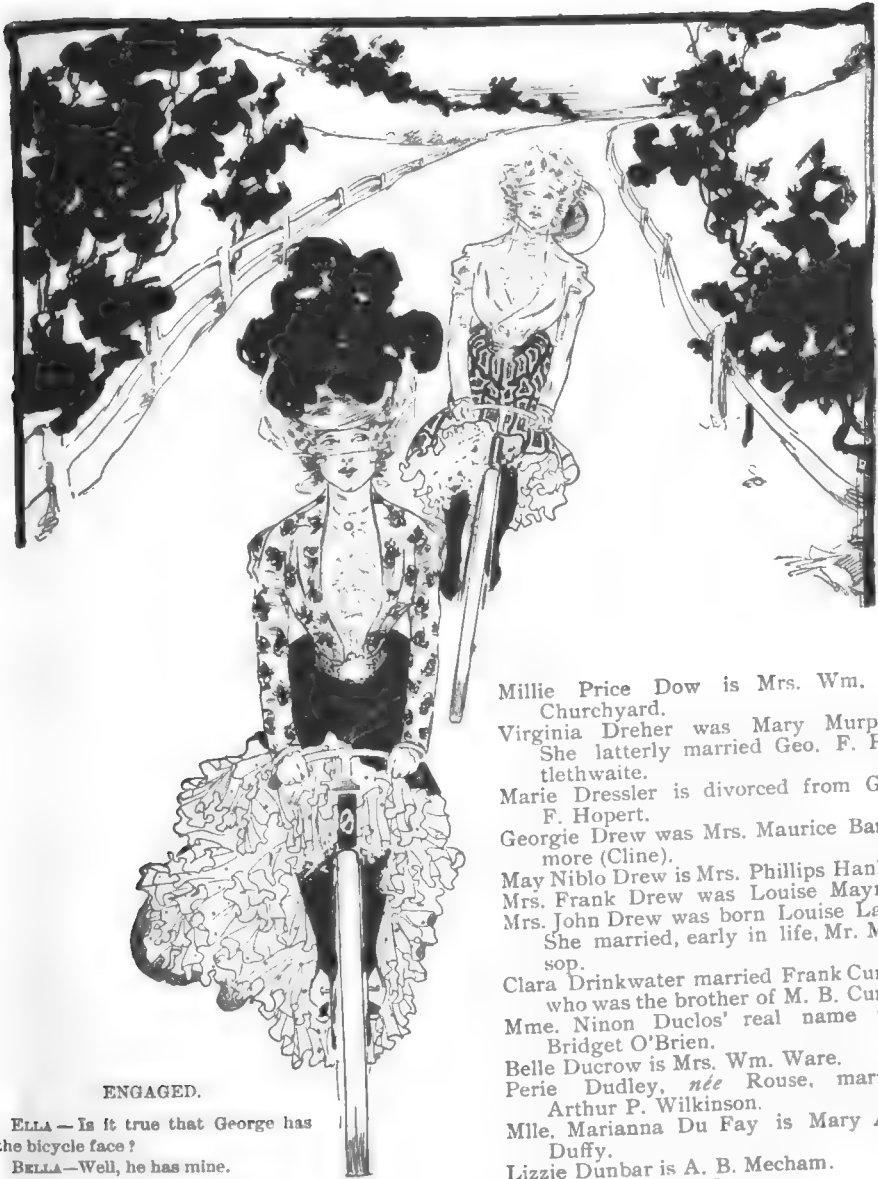
"Once I forgot the color of this hair," he said.

"Well, that didn't worry you, surely?" inquired his friend.

"It caused great trouble. She found a hair on my coat that wasn't within three shades of this, and my wife knew it wasn't hers. Oh, it took weeks to explain it all."

"Rather a difficult color to match, isn't it?" asked the friend.

"Very; not one in a hundred — stay — that lady there —" and he took out the locket again and gazed at it; "no," he said, putting it away again, "no, this is much fairer. What will you drink?" and together they drank to the absent.



ENGAGED.

ELLA — Is it true that George has the bicycle face?

BELLA — Well, he has mine.

WHO THEY ARE AND
WHOSE THEY ARE.

Selina Dolaro, *née* Simmons, was the divorced wife of Isaac Belasco.
Dollie Dolores, *née* Dollie Wilson, is Mrs. Griff Williams.
Laura Don was Mrs. Geo. W. Fox.
Dorothy and Minerva Dorr are daughters of Mrs. J. C. Dorr.
Thesa Dorre is Mrs. Bailey.

Millie Price Dow is Mrs. Wm. K. Churchyard.
Virginia Dreher was Mary Murphy. She latterly married Geo. F. Postlethwaite.
Marie Dressler is divorced from Geo. F. Hopert.
Georgie Drew was Mrs. Maurice Barrymore (Cline).
May Niblo Drew is Mrs. Phillips Hanley.
Mrs. Frank Drew was Louise Mayner.
Mrs. John Drew was born Louise Lane. She married, early in life, Mr. Mcsop.
Clara Drinkwater married Frank Curtis, who was the brother of M. B. Curtis.
Mme. Ninon Duclos' real name was Bridget O'Brien.
Belle Ducrow is Mrs. Wm. Ware.
Perie Dudley, *née* Rouse, married Arthur P. Wilkinson.
Mlle. Marianna Du Fay is Mary Ann Duffy.
Lizzie Dunbar is A. B. Meham.
Cora Dunham is Ollie Hagan.
Jennie Dunn is Mrs. Ezra Kendall.
Carrie Dunn married Prince Flatow.
Alice Dunning (the late) was Mrs. Horace Lingard.
Adèle Durand and C. E. Holt are now divorced.
Maude Dubran is Mrs. Otis Skinner.
Ida Dupree is Mrs. Walter Stitson.
The Duval Sisters are Mrs. Koch and Mrs. Hall.
Emma Eames is Mrs. Julian Story.
(To be continued next month.)

FROM FOOT- LIGHTS TO BENSONHURST.

THE RED SOUBRETTE IN
INTERVIEWS LILLIAN BURK-
HARDT (MRS. CHARLES
DICKSON).

"PERHAPS I'm fonder of my dogs than of anything else down here," said Miss Burkhardt, as she patted the head of a snuffy little King Charles spaniel. "But then, of course, that's because they're alive, and can love, and be caressed, and enjoy life with the rest of us."

"What do you think of Fitzsimmons?"

"What a foolish question! Just because Mr. Fitzsimmons lives down here, too."

"Are you fond of cherries?"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Not a bit of it. There's a fine cherry tree out there and I thought you must be interested in cherries. How are the crops?"

"Crops! Really, this may be a bucolic neighborhood, but carrots and onions are not bothering me quite so much as—"

"Your new bathing suit, for instance?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but I admit I'm very fond of bathing, and I do not try to look like too



Lillian Burkhardt going out for a stroll with her pets in Bensonhurst.



Corner
of
library
in
Miss
Burk-
hardt's
house.

much of an old frump on the beach."

"The dogs don't wear bathing suits, do they?"

"That's silly, too. Of course, they don't wear bath—. Why, the idea! But they're very fond of water, and they like to roll in the grass, and do all the other things sensible dogs should do."

"You don't mean to say the dogs play rag-time on that good-looking piano in there?"

"I never even breathed such a suggestion. That piano is my personal—"

"But talking of music, have you ever played the queen against an ace?"



A glimpse of the music room.

"Oh, do be serious. Yes; life down here, after months on the road, is delightful. Why, do you know, I get up early in the nice bright morning, and——"

"And then you dress. So do I. But tell me—have you anything startling to announce for next season? My throat is parched for information."

"I'm reading some new plays, and it's possible that I may try——"

"But there's really no money in 'Romeo and Juliet' unless you get a Frohman to put it on."

"I was about to say that I might play in something more pretentious than I have yet attempted."

"Is the stage growing worse or

worse, or what, or why not?"

"Do you know, that question hasn't been asked me for two years! But——"

"You needn't answer. I really don't care. Let's waltz."

"Ridiculous again. It's too warm. And, besides, why should we?"

"You haven't written any poetry for a long time, have you?"

"Whoever said I wrote poet——"

"No one. Just suppose you carry me down to the station on your lawn-mower?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort. I——"

"Don't you do it. So long. See you at Keith's in a few months. 'Tra-la."

THE RED SOUBRETTE.



The dining room.



A BIT OF CONEY ISLAND'S PICTURESQUE BEACH.
From a snap-shot by Vander Weyde.

EXCLUSIVE NEWS FROM OUR RESORT CORRESPONDENTS.

ASBURY PARK,
July, 1899.

This is a good place. There's no question about it at all — though it's not the best place I was ever at. But it certainly is good to Father Bradley, and he's good to it, and even he can't brush that aside.

People are rather careful how they behave here; I understand a clock was arrested for going last Sunday, and an injunction was issued to prevent the wild waves from saying things. Mr. Bradley caught a young gentleman saluting a lady on the beach the evening before last and was about to reproach him, but the youth replied that he was but obeying the behest of the Bible to "greet one another with an holy kiss," and the owner of Bradley Beach immediately apologized.

Asbury Park is not considered a wide open town, but some of the bathing dresses are very loose, I must say, if I die for it the next minute. At the Piety House on Limbo Lane there are some very lovely people, among them the Rev. Mr. Howly and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Himnal, Miss Beatitude, and Miss Responses, a Cuban missionary. The most



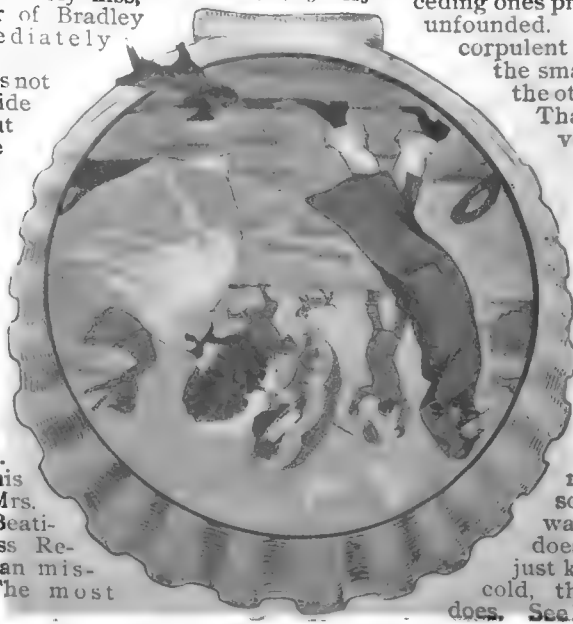
recherché prayer-meetings are held each night in the salon of the Piety House, and everybody says they are good things.
ALGERNON
PYE.

NARRAGANSETT PIER,
July, 1899.

Judge Old-boy, accompanied by his stenographer, James Iddle, arrived here to-day and registered at the Gay House. The Judge, who is preparing a paper on "New England Bars and Other Peculiarities of the Atlantic Shore," to be read at the next meeting of the Drinkemdown Association, is looking well. His stenographer is looking well, too.

The fear felt early in the season that the Summer here would not be as lively as preceding ones proves to be quite unfounded. As the rather corpulent cook at one of the smaller hotels said the other day, "Lor!"

That expresses it very clearly. Divorcées and divorcées are here, as usual, in abundance, and a cocktail stands as big a chance for longevity as snow does in whatsername. A divorcée may appreciate a cocktail, but not in the whole-souled, honest way a divorcée does. A divorcée just knocks cocktails cold, that's what she does. See? W. DODD.



MILLIE — Any engagements this summer?
TILLIE — Ten; and the worst of it is that one of them really expects me to marry him.

Sam — Gracious! Isn't this wind awful!
Ed — I like it. It's the first I've felt since the governor cut me off.



NEW PICTURES FOR YOUR BEDROOM WALL.

1. MARIE LENOIR, once known as Mary Murphy (Photo by Schloss, New York). 2. VIOLET DENE (Photo by Eddowes Bros., New York). 3. ALICE BUTLER (Photo by Dana, New York). 4. MAUDE HOLLINS (Photo by Chickering, Boston). 5. FRANCES DESMONDE (Photo by Baker, Columbus). 6. MAY CARGILL, once known as Yvette Violette (Copyright, 1899, by Rockwood, New York). 7. HELEN MARVIN (Photo by Chickering, Boston). 8. BLANCHE CHAPMAN (Photo by Morrison, Chicago). 9. DAISY STURNDORF (Photo by Chickering, Boston).

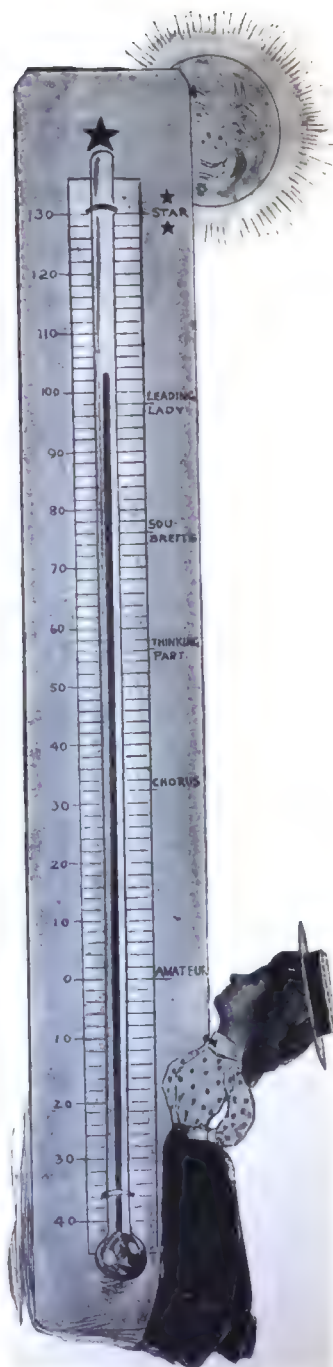
You can cut these out, leaving the white lines as shown in our engraving, paste against any ribbed or barred wall paper or background, and thus make a very attractive bit of decoration.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

WHAT DO ACTORS DO WITH THEIR MONEY?—This problem presented itself in a rather startling manner as I was standing in the Mirror Café on Broadway a short time ago. It was about 11:15 P.M., and the male members of "His Excellency, the Governor" company, playing next door at the Empire, had strolled in for their night-caps. At the same time there came upon the scene a quiet-looking man who, sauntering up to J. H. Gilmour, informed him that he had against him a snap judgment of \$43.00 balance on a bicycle, and that unless it was forthwith satisfied without so much as a one per cent. reduction, he would be under the painful necessity of escorting Mr. Gilmour to the nearest police station. The actor dived down into his pocket, but without an air of conviction. He withdrew his hand again with the remark: "Great Scott, I haven't got that much money with me!" "Well, get it from your friends," suggested the deputy sheriff. At that moment there were probably twenty-five men in the café, made up of three gamblers, two newspaper men and about twenty actors, including W. E. Norris, Robert Edeson and other members of the Empire company, everyone of whom have the reputation of being high-priced men. Yet I will swear that not a single one of them came forward with proffers of financial help, and Gilmour was obliged to raise the money in some other direction, which he probably did. I have no knowledge as to the outcome of the affair. My only object in writing this paragraph is to call attention to what one of the gamblers said: "Oh, hell!" said he, and that seemed to express the situation.

ROBSON IN "THE GADFLY."—Stuart Robson's production of "The Gadfly" will undoubtedly be one of the events of the coming theatrical season. He plays a week in Providence before opening at Wallack's Theatre, where he follows "A Ray of Sunshine." Those who have read "The Gadfly," which, by the way, is one of the big selling books of the year, although it was published in 1897, are wondering how Mr. Robson will play the eighteen-year-old boy *Arthur* in the prologue. After the prologue of the play, *Arthur*, now known as *Rivarez*, is long past his youth. As Robson intends to play the part with even more flippant cynicism than the authoress, Mrs. Voynich, has imparted to her book character, he should be very much in the rôle. "The Gadfly" has been dramatized by the authoress herself, who, I believe, is coming over to see the rehearsals. I am rather eager to know just how the blasphemy of the book has been toned down to meet the views of our best American audiences. "The Gadfly," in places, is positively sacrilegious, although one of the strongest and most beautiful pieces of fiction offered to the public within the past ten years. Miss Burroughs, by the way, is to play *Gemma*, who is rather colorless in the book, but who comes nearest to being the heroine of the novel.

MISS THROPP AS A REAL HUMORIST.—Clara Thropp, she of the snub nose, has made Broadway titter many times, but never so much as when we heard she was playing in Ibsen's "The Doll's House." Clara is funny enough at any time, but as the morbid Ibsen woman she must have been a revelation in the gentle art of being ridiculous.



A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

Christie McDonald to the thermometer.

"Please keep on going up."

HOYT LOOKS BADLY.—I saw Charles Hoyt going into the Madison Square Theatre recently and I was positively shocked by his appearance. I had heard that he was very much better and was on the high road to recovery, but his actions did not impress me that way. He looked like a physical and nervous bankrupt, and there was a portentous danger in the apparently aimless way in which he nodded his head with a motion that seems to have become habitual to him. Poor old Hoyt! I wouldn't give much for his chances of recovery.

A SCATHING BOOK BY A DRAMATIC CRITIC.—Charles Frederic Nirdlinger's "Masques and Mummies" has created a good deal of talk, and deservedly so. There have been few books on the stage ever published in this country that have had one whit of the grace and candor which Mr. Nirdlinger gives us in "Masques and Mummies." It is a scholarly and altogether delightful series of chapters, with here and there a pointed dart as piercingly unpleasant as it is sharp and incisive. For instance, Mr. Nirdlinger, in discussing "Plays of Hypocrisy," says of "Zaza":

"Throughout the four acts of the drama by MM. Simon and Berton, the spectator is asked to sympathize with the vulgar caprices, the libidinous fantasies, the tawdry jealousies, the hysterical vagaries, the ridiculous rage of a burnt-out slattern—a creature of foul speech and fouler manners, too lazy and nasty to keep her soiled linen from the presence of her lover; with the argot of the brothel on her lips, the leer of the street-walker in her eyes, the revolting restlessness of an animal deserted in the mating season."

That's pretty strong, isn't it? And "Masques and Mummies" is full of other sentiments quite as unconventional and plainly put. But I pray you not to believe that "Masques and Mummies" bids for favor because of any of its ultra qualities. It is a finely drawn and altogether readable series of stage impressions, and easily makes Charles Frederic Nirdlinger a strong figure in contemporaneous dramatic criticism in America.

A LIBELOUS ATTACK ON A FINE WOMAN.—I have heard considerable indignation expressed over the fact that some dastard has thought fit to bring the name of May Robson into the marital affairs of a certain New York stage couple. Everyone who knows Miss Robson, who in private life is an estimable wife and the mother of a grown boy, appreciates how absolutely groundless are any imputations against her character. As a matter of fact, I know of few women connected with any profession in any country who have given less cause for the slightest particle of gossip than this same May Robson, who, besides being one of this country's comediennes of recognized standing, possesses a most charming personality.

RILEY GRANNAN IS O. K.—If anybody tells you that Riley Grannan dropped all his roll on the other side, don't believe it. I saw him down at Gravesend recently and he was just as debonair, unruffled and altogether inspiring in his energy and genius for handling bets as he had ever been, and his credit comes pretty nearly being sufficient to carry him through a worse summer than this has turned out to be.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.



So thinks the public as Mr. Moss wields his fan.



Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

MAUDE WHITE, OF "THE TURTLE."

She has taken the part played in the original production by Merri Osborne, and seems to have caught the spirit of this exceedingly brisk production. At any rate, they have been saying nice things about her on the road, and she is as happy as "The Turtle" is swift.

A BRIDE AND THE OTHER MAN.

BY ELLEN MONTGOMERY.

THE great hall in the palatial home on the Hudson is filled with a light-hearted, butterfly crowd of revelers. Among that crowd of lovely women there is none more beautiful than Mary Stockton herself. By her side sits Gerald Lincoln, her husband's college friend, whom they have accidentally met on their travels, and who has brought them home in his yacht, which now lies up the river. They have been dancing together, and Mary's cheeks are flushed and her eyes sparkling as he fans her with her great white feather fan, his stern, noble face as much in the shadow as hers is in the light.

Suddenly Robert comes up to them. "My dance, little wife," he says. She smiles up at him sweetly as she takes his arm, and they go off down the long corridor, the very picture of a happy young couple. At the great doorway she turns to smile back at Gerald, but the smile dies away on her lips, and a rapt expression steals into her eyes.

Gerald is standing where she left him, the soft, bright light shining full on his pale, handsome face. His eyes are fixed on hers with a wonderful, searching look, and his whole soul shines through them, full of love and tenderness.

and the unutterable bitterness of regret. She returns his gaze as if fascinated, and she feels her soul leap to her eyes to meet his. It is but a moment before she is whirled away, but in

that moment they have laid bare their innermost hearts to each other, and they tremble with mingled joy and pain at what

they read there. The rest of the evening is a whirl of confusion to Mary; she lives it through as if it were a dream, and she a phantom among phantoms.

At last she is conscious that Gerald stands before her. He smiles sadly and sweetly. "Good night, good - by," he says gravely, his voice vibrating with suppressed emotion.

She is overwrought, she cannot answer him, but a tear falls and sparkles among the diamonds on the little hand he holds.

In the first dim flicker of early dawn Mary pulls aside the heavy curtain of her window and looks out.

She has not slept all night. Her heart is in a turmoil. That one long look from Gerald's ardent eyes has changed all her life. The bride of a year, and already the sweetness of her existence taken from her—she tingles with shame to think that another stands between her and her husband's love. Robert had been a devoted lover, and was a good, affectionate, honest-hearted husband, but somehow she has been just a trifle disappointed with her married life; the light of love has not shed the glamor she expected it to do.

Now she knows why. She sees that her love for Robert was pure, sisterly affection, but that it is Gerald who has unwittingly taught her what real love is.

Silently and swiftly, like a phantom boat, a little white-sailed yacht slips out and glides down the dark river towards the sea. A tall figure stands against the



mast, looking back wistfully towards the shore. Mary clutches at the window frame.

"Good-by, my love, good-by," she murmurs beneath her breath, gazing out through a mist of tears—tears for her spoilt life.

Down slips the little yacht, away and away, gracefully rising and falling on the swell, till at last it is lost in the luminous distance.

Mary rises and goes to her room with flagging steps, feeling that a page has

been turned over for ever in the history of her life, and that, somehow, the remainder of the volume will prove dull and uninteresting.

A stray sunbeam has crept in and falls athwart her husband's yellow hair. Resolutely she puts aside the thought of the other man far out on the heaving waters. Bending down, she kisses him tenderly and repentantly on the brow.

"Till death us do part," she whispers softly. He turns and smiles in his sleep.

NOT THAT KIND OF A WOMAN.

BY WALTER J. ROY.

With two illustrations by G. W. BAILEY.

IT was ten o'clock one night on the Bowery. Outside a saloon a woman was singing in a voice wonderfully pure and sweet, yet showing signs of usage.

She sang "I Love You in the Same Old Way." As framed by her lips the sentiments were entirely convincing.

Presently a man, entering the saloon, brushed accidentally against her. She drew back with an exclamation, and the light, streaming through the door which he held half open, shone upon her face.

"Why—it's Mame, sure as I'm born."

She started and stared at him; then recognition sent a color to her cheeks.

"Is it you, Dick?"

"No other. Gee, Mame, who'd have thought of seeing you again? Come inside, old girl, and let's have a drink and a talk on the quiet!"

The door swung to behind them, and the curious audience slowly melted.

"Ah, she's as bad as any of 'em, in spite of her beautiful singin'!" said one onlooker to another, with a knowing leer.

Inside the man and woman had found two seats at a low table. He had called for two glasses of whiskey, and she had not demurred. When their drinks were brought, he clinked her glass in token of friendship.

The man's face had an air of great dissipation. He wore a slouch hat, his clothes were shabby, there were patches in his shoes. An alcoholic thickness troubled his speech, which had evidently once been educated and refined.

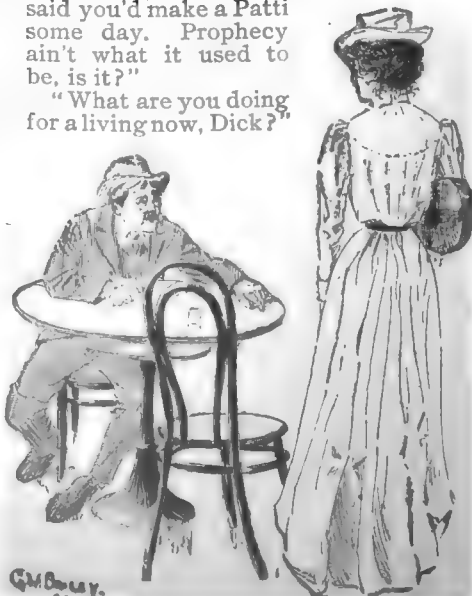
"Ah, Mame, it does one's heart good to see you again. The world seems to have used us both badly, eh? Yes, it's a damned world."

The woman laughed, but in a half-hearted manner. Her fingers nervously played round the rim of her tumbler. She seemed ill at ease in his presence.

"Gee, it seems a century, don't it, since you and I sang at the Carnegie Music Hall for a hundred dollars a night, and got notices in the papers. One newspaper fellow

said you'd make a Patti some day. Prophecy ain't what it used to be, is it?"

"What are you doing for a living now, Dick?"



"I'm not quite the kind of woman you take me for."



"What a horror I'm making of myself!"

"Me? Anything! Writing a few music-hall songs—doing a little accompanying on the piano. My voice gave out, you know. Doctor said drink helped to make it go. But there—what's life for, except for a man to have his fling in? Your glass is empty—come, have another!"

"No, thanks! I must be going."

"Rubbish! Now we've found each other again, you and I must make a night of it, Mame! You come home with me, and—"

The woman rose with fired face. She threw down on the table the price of her liquor and began to move away.

"You're not going, Mame? Why?"

"Yes; good-by! I'm not quite the kind of woman you take me for—that's all!"

"Stop! No offense! Hully gee, she's gone! Say, gimme another whiskey! Women are queer cattle, ain't they?"

Like a hunted creature, Mame ran into the surging street. A memory from her former days had come to her; past and present currents mingled, causing a strange vortex in her soul.

He had taken her at his own valuation—the brute! Ah, poor, poor Dick! He had once been a singer of promise, a light tenor, always in demand, and

having, seemingly, fortune in his grasp. The old story—drink!

It was her own weakness, she knew, but her only one. The purity of her womanhood had been kept; she had never really given herself to the devil.

With eyes fixed on the ground, and with quickened tread, she walked home. Suppose she fell! One sensual indulgence led to another. Ah, she was afraid! Strange she had never realized till to-night that her one failing was drawing her hellwards!

At a house in a neighboring street, where the noises of the Bowery just failed to penetrate, Mame let herself in. Walking upstairs, she lit the candle in her solitary room. A hard-working little seamstress—her only friend—had the next apartment. She could hear her busily plying her machine.

A few minutes later the seamstress heard a tap at her door.

"Come in! Oh, it's you, Mame! Well, how—"

"I wanted to say something to you. Birdie, see here! I've seen an old pal to-night who's gone clean to the dogs—poor fellow! He thought I was there, too. Wanted me to get drunk with him—and worse!"

She stopped. Over the fireplace hung a small mirror. She bent forward and looked at herself in it.

"No wonder! God, what a horror I'm making of myself! Birdie, give me your hand! Hang me if I ever touch a drop of drink again!"

TYPICAL BROADWAYITES.

No. 1. HARRY MANN.

MANAGER KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MR. MANN is one of New York's and consequently America's best known managers. For years he was prominent in Brooklyn theatricals, being resident manager of the Columbia Theatre for a longtime. When the Frohman-Hayman syndicate secured control of Abbey's Theatre and changed its name to the Knickerbocker, Mr. Mann was put at the head of the house affairs.



From a late photograph of Mr. Mann, by Rockwood, New York.



MISS MARTHA HICHBORN, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Daughter of Commodore Hichborn, Chief of the Bureau of Construction, U. S. N.

* This is the first of a permanent series of American Beauties to be published in the Broadway Magazine.



A new Reutlinger Picture of Favette Guiller.

THE FRENCH WOMAN WHO RULES A CZAR.

This is Mlle. Favette Guiller, who is always visited by Nicholas, of Russia, when that unusually well-behaved monarch visits Paris. She is not handsome, according to the American standard, but has a fascination for most men, and is said to wield a great power over the Czar of all the Russias.

She is not the same woman, by the way, who recently married a whipper-snapper of a Russian nobleman, and with whom the Czar was erroneously rumored to be in love.

Mlle. Guiller brooks no rival, and is secure in her position. She is a familiar figure on the boulevards, and is much envied by others.

F. L.

FOUR NEW THEATRICAL POSTERS.

Illustrations reproduced here-
with by special arrangement
with M. MUCHA, by
Frank Lloyd, Paris
representative of
the BROADWAY
MAGAZINE.



"COMIC OPERA."

JUST now in artistic circles in Paris the talk is all of Mucha, the great poster artist. His rise has been very swift, but, unlike other swift rises, it threatens to stay high and not to come down like a rocket. The reason of this is, of course, that his work is uniformly good. All that he gives over to the lithographer is strictly first class.

Mucha first broke into fame as the designer of a poster for Sarah Bernhardt in her character of Gis-



monda. Madame Sarah was so genuinely pleased with it that she spoke of the artist everywhere, and Paris is just the sort of town for that kind of influence.

His latest feat is a set of theatrical posters which I send by the same ship this letter goes by, and which should reach you safely, though they are rather frail in texture. He calls them "Comic Opera," "Dancing," "Drama,"

"DANCING."

Four New Theatrical Posters.



and "Burlesque." I should advise your adding the word "Legitimate" to the third one in order to get the true translation of Mucha's intent. You know in Paris they take the drama very seriously, and the word does not include the frothy stuff our own managers put on the New York boards.

Of all the four, "Dancing" is the most admired. I understand the model for it is the wife of a highly respectable but unsuspecting grocer not a thousand miles from the Rue des Capucins! I heard a good joke about the gro-

"LEGITIMATE DRAMA."

cer the
other day,
from Victor Le G——,
but never mind.

I expect to have some-
thing more to say of Mucha
by the next mail, and I will
send you some more of his re-
markable drawings. He is a
modest fellow and takes his
honors very sensibly, but he
has struggled hard and
deserves them.

FRANK LLOYD.



"BURLESQUE."

OUR NEW SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

AUTHORITATIVE NEWS AND EXPERT OPINIONS AND CRITICISMS BY "LODESTAR."

JEFFRIES, the new fistic champion, promises to become as great a pet of the fancy as ever Sullivan was. It is sad to learn that he has been pronounced a mental wreck by a New England professor who recently examined him. The same authority says he is physically perfect. What more does any prize-fighter want? What this big boiler-maker lacks in brains will be supplied by his astute manager and mentor, Brady. Jeffries can do the fighting and Brady the press work, and incidentally keep their bank account. I understand that when Jeffries wants a dollar he has to ask Brady for it, so close a watch does the little manager keep on the big fighter. This arrangement may be rather to the disadvantage of the small army of hangers-on who are always dogging the steps of a successful fighter who has coin to spend, but it will prove a good thing for Jeffries.

By the way; now that Jeffries and Sharkey have signed to meet on October 23d, it is about time they started out on the road at the head of a couple of vaudeville shows. How people can tolerate these pugilist-actors I never could understand for a minute. They are very much on the sandpaper.

THE fuss which the bloomin' Britishers have been and are still making over the row Tod Sloane had with a waiter recently has made me very weary. Just imagine little Sloane with his ninety-odd pounds of bone, muscle,

clothes and jewelry, trying to punch a big, burly waiter! No wonder he used a bottle on the waiter's head. If the English waiters over there are as surly, boorish, and impertinent as some of those in this country, an axe would be the proper weapon to use on them.

Tod has been having a run of hard luck of late, which is, no doubt, partially due to the fact that the little fop doesn't take proper care of himself. To ride a racehorse and do him justice requires a clear head, fine judgment, and steady nerves, which are not likely to be the equipment of a jockey after an all-night bat. That Sloane can ride, and ride well, goes without saying; but he can't expect to do either himself or his mounts justice unless he keeps himself in the best physical condition. The pictures in this department show how the English cartoonists regard Tod.

THE Jockey Club is still considering the Maher case, and from the present outlook there seems to be good grounds for supposing that they will put Maher, and keep him, where his Suburban feat

entitles him to be—on the ground. A lot of carpers blame Fitzgerald for, as they put it, "leaving Banastar at the post," and I was much amused to read the various accounts of the race written by the local turf writers. There are too many pikers posing on the daily papers as turf writers, and they should be



JAMES G. JEFFRIES,
The new champion; also his astute manager.

WILLIAM A. BRADY,
Who handled James J. Corbett when he was a champion.
Photo copyright, 1899, by W. A. Brady.

suppressed. Any time one of them has a dollar on a horse and he fails to land the money, the public is treated to vituperations against the starter. It's strange some people can only see in a race the horse that carries their money.

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON, the Boston Copper King, promises to cut quite a swath this year among the exhibitors of high-stepping heavy harness horses. He has already several scalps, won at the recent horse show at the Hub, and I am told that he is preparing to



TOD SLOANE.

In a race at Ascot, as seen by Corbould, the English horse artist, who is probably having fun with the little American.



Another picture, showing how Arthur Camp, of the *London Sporting and Dramatic News*, views Sloane's riding.

give "Charlie" Bates and Mr. Daredevil Bratton a run for the ribbons at the Garden in November. Tom Lawson is an all-round sportsman and a thorough good fellow, and his advent at the National Horse Show this Fall will be watched with interest.

FRED. J. TITUS, who once attracted attention as a bicycle rider, but more recently as the husband of Edna May, the American actress who is just now the pet of Bohemian London, has decided to return once more to his first love, the wheel. Titus tried his hand at acting, but the chorus was the limit of his ability, so he decided to quit.



JOCKEY MAHER.

Whose riding of Banastar caused Mr. Clark, the well-known horseman, to set him on the ground.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL LONDON CORRESPONDENT.)

LAMBS' GAMBOL IN LONDON.

Dorothy Usner and Marion Giroux Surprise the Natives. "David Harum" to be Dramatized. Will Julie Opp become Mrs. Lorraine, No. 2?

London, July, 1899.

There will be a lot of fun here at the Eccentric Club on July 20th. The Eccentric is an organization not unlike the Lambs of New York, and among its members are some of London's best-known artists, actors and newspaper men. De Wolf Hopper has been elected a member, and, in honor of his appearance in London in "El Capitan," the Eccentrics will hold a luridly picturesque blowout this month, with Hopper and other visiting Americans as guests. The affair will be quite as unconventional as are the "Sunday evenings" which have made the Lambs' invitation card something to be coveted. Chief Lamb Clarke is coming over from New York for the event, and every American actor in London will try to be there.

"Why Smith Left Home" has not by any means proven the failure mentioned in some of the big New York dailies. The Broadhurst piece started off rather slowly, but gradually picked up and actually became a paying attraction at the Strand Theatre. I know for a fact that the receipts in one week recently picked up nearly \$500. Thomas A. Wise has come over to join the Broadhurst forces, and will be the only American member of the company presenting "The Wrong Mr. Wright" in September. Dorothy Usner has undoubtedly made a big personal hit, and it is not at all unlikely that she will remain over here for next season, providing the Broadhurst brothers will release her. The methods of Marion Giroux and Dorothy Usner in furnishing material for the dramatic columns of the London papers have awakened the keen admiration of English editors, who have some funny stories to tell in this connection. At any rate, Miss Usner and Miss Giroux have received more notices than the stars who come over here and wait for the mountain to come to them. When Charles Frohman was here he was approached regarding the dramatization of "David Harum," which is the best selling American book in England. Mr. Frohman took the matter under advisement.

We are waiting for "Zaza" with placid exterior. I'm told it's wicked, but nothing can stun London after "The Gay Lord Quex," or "Wheels Within Wheels." The former is as torrid as a Sahara midday. If it were not excellently acted it would certainly be hooted off the London stage. I'm not a prude, and I can take my dramatic medicine without making a wry face, but I refuse to consort with anyone quite as devilish as "The Gay Lord Quex."

There is a rumor here that Julie Opp and her ex-husband, Robert Lorraine, are to be married again. It is only a short time since they were divorced. I wonder if Lorraine's remarkable success at the Adelphi, where he has replaced the late William Terriss, has had anything to do with Miss Opp's alleged change of heart!

We are wondering over here if "The Greek Slave" is to be presented in America by Augustin Daly's executors. This tremendous London success was safely secured by Mr. Daly last year, and he had intended presenting it in New York—at the Fifth Avenue, I think. I have not been able to discover whether the manager's death will influence the action of George Edwardes and his partners in regard to the piece. Notwithstanding the litigation between Mr. Daly and Edwardes, the latter has come out fairly and squarely to the effect that he will do absolutely nothing to harm the interests of his late partner. So you may expect to see "The Greek Slave" in New York, but you will not get Marie Tempest or Hayden Coffin—more's the pity.

There has been an armistice in the threatened rupture between Seymour Hicks and his wife, the pretty Ellaline Terriss. There seemed at one time to be good reason for believing that this pair would separate for all time. It is not generally known that their quarrel was due to the attentions paid by Hicks to Mrs. Langtry when he was in her company; or, to put it less chivalrously, the real cause was Mrs. Langtry's obvious regard for Hicks, who is almost young enough to be her son. Hicks isn't very popular with me. He is a bumptious individual, and the best he could do when he was in America was to steal bodily Walter Jones' tramp act and exploit it in England without even a "Thank you kindly, sir."

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE ADVERTISING PAGES ARE WORTH READING.



Marie Saqui's Latest Picture by W. & D. Downey, London.

A NEW GAIETY BEAUTY.

Here is Marie Saqui. London is talking about George Edwardes' latest find in the beauty market. A new Gaiety beauty is more important in London than a new ministry. Miss Saqui came a few months ago from one of the midland counties; Edwardes saw her, put her in the chorus, from which she emerged one day to play the part of one of the principals who had fallen ill. She made a hit, her beauty was discussed in the clubs, and now—well, London talks about her, and that's important. No doubt of that at all. J. G. C.



From a wash-drawing portrait.

MRS. WILLIE K. VANDERBILT, JR., née FAIR.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS
OF THE MONTH.

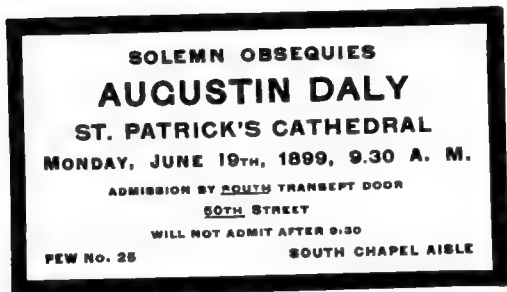
BY LIONEL STAGGE.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S death and its probable effect on American theatricals have been fruitful topics of conversation, not only among theatre folk, but also with those people who recognize the drama as a moving force in our latter-day civilization. There has always been a division of opinion regarding the correctness of Mr. Daly's methods. Edwin Booth once said: "If every actor and producer from David Garrick down has been wrong, then Augustin Daly is right." On the other hand, there have



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN,
who once more becomes a decided
factor in New York theatricals.
He is truly the phoenix of
the Amusement World.

been countless scores of men with intellect and experience who have accorded to Mr. Daly the admiration due a man who thought out dramatic problems for himself and gave this country productions such as have never been duplicated or even approached in some respects. When all is said and done it must be admitted that Mr. Daly's death has left a void in American theatricals that in itself is a monument to his greatness. All eyes are now naturally turned towards Richard Dorney, who for years was Mr. Daly's right-hand man and a most loyal friend. He has all



Fac-simile of card to Augustin Daly's funeral.

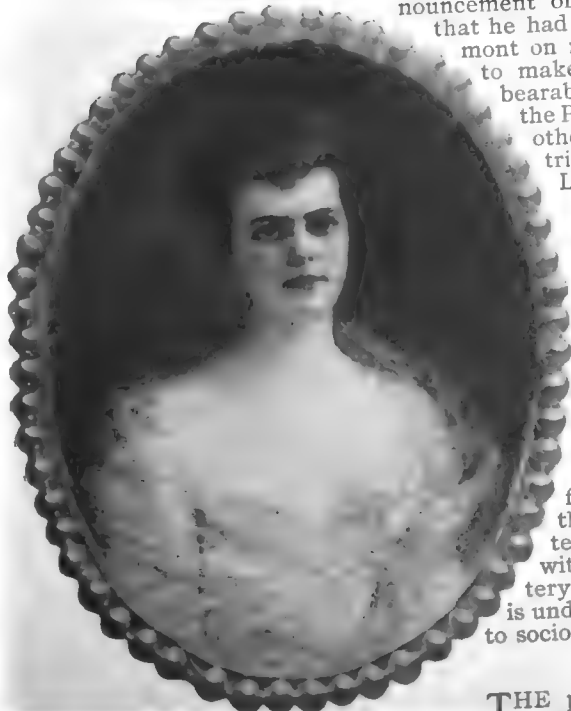
the details of the late manager's affairs at his fingertips, and will be found to be most valuable in handling the fortunes of Daly's Theatre and its contiguous interests.

ALL eyes have been on the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts at Newport. Mrs. Willie K. Jr., as was to be expected, has taken her natural position as one of the younger leaders. It is a well-known fact that there is no love lost between the one-time Virginia Fair and the Belmonts. I hear that she openly snubbed Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont on the occasion of a recent gathering. The Belmonts seem to be having a somewhat disagreeable time of it. Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont have been made to feel as uncomfortable as possible. The recent announcement of the Greenwich (Conn.) minister that he had married Mrs. Sloane and Mr. Belmont on misrepresentations has not served to make the couple's position any more bearable. It would not surprise me to see the Perry Belmonts, who are now on the other side, permanently join the Astor tribe of Unamerican Americans in London.



From his last photograph taken by Sarony, New York.

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY.



From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT.

I WONDER, by the way, what lasting effect these latest scandals in society will have on Newport as a fashionable resort. It is, of course, manifestly silly to believe that our old friend, "Jimmie" Van Alen, took his daughters to London because of the hothouse atmosphere of Newport. He has taken his family abroad, to be sure, but then "Jimmie" was always more or less of an Anglo-maniac. And as for London—why, the veriest tyro in the gentle art of learning things will tell you that London doesn't come within several miles of being a monastery in full bloom. Newport, however, is undoubtedly becoming very interesting to sociologists.

THE public and press insist on making "Fighting Joe" Wheeler a factor in the political forecast. If he doesn't get a place



From a photograph, copyright, 1899, by Rockwood, New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, WHO GOES TO THE PHILIPPINES.

on the Democratic ticket in 1900 it will be because the voices of every Southerner and thousands of Northerners are given no heed. If Admiral Schley keeps up the running, he also will be a figure to be counted during the days of the Conventions. Wheeler and Schley are two names to conjure with in these days of gold-lace and patriotism in politics.

The PURSUIT of VIRTUE

by Gordon Palmer

With two illustrations from wash drawings.

A CONTINUED "TALE OF BROADWAY."*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marie Clarkson, the heroine of the story, a pretty little shop-girl, is admired by Charlie Fairbanks, a dissipated but chivalrous young New Yorker. He takes her one evening to a restaurant on Broadway where they see Helen Besley, an old flame of Fairbanks and now a woman about town, sitting at the same table with Smalley, a wealthy boor. Helen, goaded by Fairbanks' obvious regard for the innocent Marie, comes up and insults her so that she faints and has to be taken to her boarding-house in a cab. Her landlady, Mrs. Ball, a vulgar and cruel woman, tells Marie she must leave the house in a week's time. In the meantime, Helen Besley, who has made an attempt to attract Fairbanks to her side once more and has failed, decides to vent her spite upon Marie. She goes to the store where the latter is employed, and suddenly accuses her of trying to steal her pocket-book. The floor-walker, J. Montgomery Robinson, whose bold advances have been several times repulsed by Marie, willingly corroborates the lying accusation, and the unfortunate shop-girl is haled off to the Nineteenth Precinct police station. In the morning she is released at Jefferson Market Court by the happy intervention of a man named Pilkington, who also is a boarder at Mrs. Ball's, and who confounds Helen Besley so that she withdraws the charge. While Marie and Fairbanks are walking down Broadway after dinner Marie is accosted familiarly by a man named Fielding, who has been hired to do so by the Besley woman. Fairbanks promptly knocks him down. Fairbanks gives up his apartments to Marie for the night, and leaves her in charge of the janitor's wife, who is called away. During her absence Helen and her friends make their appearance on the scene. This ends the July installment.

CHAPTER IX.

"**H**ow dare you enter my apartments in this manner?" asked Marie as she glanced at the cold, hard faces before her, and noted with terror that one of them belonged to the man whom Fairbanks had knocked down in front of the Empire Theatre. She was thoroughly frightened. She felt, however, that it was necessary to take a bold stand. But she had made a mistake.

"My apartments!" sneered Helen with a disagreeable emphasis. "My apartments; indeed! Would you mind telling these ladies and gentlemen how long they have been yours. We really supposed that the little lamb had only just strayed away." At this there was a rasping laugh from all. Marie saw that this gathering of night-owls was not ready for arguments. She made up her mind to leave the place at once. She got her hat and wrap and put them on with trembling fingers, while Helen and her friends watched her with taunting eyes. Then she went to the hall door and tried

to open it. It was locked securely and withstood her most vigorous measures. With panting breath she turned to Helen who had been standing near her like an evil spirit:

"How dare you lock me in?" asked the frightened girl.

"My dear lamb," said Helen, "do be sociable. We've come up to have a pleasant little time, and you might as well join us. There's no use of being disagreeable. You couldn't be heard if you were to yell till you're black in the face. Charlie Fairbanks had this flat arranged that way for little reasons of his own. So come along and enjoy yourself." So saying, she put her fat hands on Marie's shoulder and pushed the unwilling victim back into the parlor. Marie, with pale face and a hunted look in her eyes, allowed herself to be led like a victim. As she stood there mute and irresolute, Helen went over to the windows, carefully closed the blinds, drew the curtains so that not even a glint of light could be seen from the outside, and turned to survey the interior of the place as if mentally taking note of every detail.

"Jack," said she to a villainous-looking individual who had been gazing intently at the dainty form of Marie, "stop your rubber-necking and pull down the tapestry over that window. Even airshafts have ears. You, Fan-

* This story began in the May number.

nie"—addressing a girl with a pretty mouth and a bad eye, who looked as if she had not been asleep for a month—"go around to every door in the place and see that it's locked. We mustn't have our little affair disturbed." When everything was arranged to her satisfaction she went over to the open-eyed Marie, and, with her ogress smile, remarked: "Now, my dear, take off your hat. You'll not need it till to-morrow. Come, now, do as I say," and Marie, not moving quickly enough, was helped by the generous and not too gentle hand of the painted woman.

"This farce will end in a moment when the janitor's wife returns," said Marie with a return of confidence. Again Helen laughed that mocking, cackling laugh that had nothing of mirth in it.

"In the first place," said she, "this isn't no farce (Helen was careless at times), and in the second, your dear Irish friend has been called over to Brooklyn by a telegram and when she gets back you won't know it." There was an ominous threat in all this that made Marie's heart sink within her.

"Come on, boys," said Helen in a businesslike tone, as if following out a definite plan, "let's get the throne ready for the queen." Then they proceeded to place a chair on a table and to drape it with some of the hangings of the room.

"Come on, Your Majesty," said Helen with a mock courtesy, "chase yourself up on your throne so I can introduce all these nice people to you. Do it nicely now or else we may have to lift you up, and we mightn't be gentle, you know."

Marie, seeing that she was completely in their hands, complied. When she was seated a curtain pole was placed in her hand for a scepter and the play began.

"Your most Gracious Majesty," began Helen, constituting herself Mistress of Ceremonies, "this is my very dear friend, Fannie Zericka," leading forward the aforementioned drowsy-looking girl with the luscious mouth. "Your Majesty, the dark rings under Fannie's eyes come honestly, as her father was a Hungarian and her mother a Canadian gypsy. Fannie found life in a wagon tiresome, so when a good-looking young chap came along—you were seventeen, weren't you, Fannie?—she skipped with him to New York. But he soon shook her for another girl and then she got reckless and now she owns Broadway and sits up all night. I should also mention that Fannie was mixed up in a little badger game last year, and now

she hasn't any use for detectives. Next," and she pushed Fannie aside and beckoned to the other girl, whose youthful face and form did not seem to fit her knowing smile.

"This, Your Majesty," continued Helen, "is Annie Bartlett, otherwise known to us as 'Kid' Annie. You will note that she is still young and good-looking. But she cut her eye-teeth years ago. Oh, she's a knowing one is the 'Kid.' She says she's only eighteen, but she can drink more, smoke more and swear more than any girl in the Tenderloin. She can tell you all about the accommodations on the Island, and she will go up against any old game whenever there's any money and a good-looking crook in it. You should really scold 'Kid' Annie, Your Majesty, as she's too fond of handsome dogs—even when they beat her," and she winked solemnly at Marie, then at "Kid" Annie, and finally at all the rest in succession. Marie, notwithstanding the new facts brought out for her benefit, was getting restless.

"I don't care to hear anything further about your friends," said she. "So please go away and leave me," and she started to get down from the table.

"Tut, tut, Your Majesty," replied Helen, "the show's not half over yet. We beg of you to continue the audience," and she caught Marie by the arm and pushed her back in a manner that showed she would stand no trifling. "We've got a couple more Gazabos to introduce to your kind notice. Come here, 'Hotel' Jack," and she pulled in front of Marie the low-browed fellow who had helped to make things secure.

"Stop your kiddin'" said Jack. But Helen wouldn't. Instead, she began: "This, Your Majesty, is John Courtney, *alias* Tom Smith, *alias* Jack Barry, *alias* 'Hotel' Jack. He's one of the slickest hotel-men in the country. If you've got any friends coming to New York just tell 'Hotel' Jack where they're going to stop, and he'll relieve them of all trouble about money matters. He's very kind, is Jack, and he always charges a commission of 100 per cent. You see," said Helen with a careless wave of the hand, "that saves all figuring and trouble. 'Hotel' Jack has resided at Joliet and Sing Sing, but he's dead game, and is in love with 'Kid' Annie, and when he don't beat her too much she loves him. 'Bless you, my children,'" and she put the hand of this worthy in that of "Kid" Annie, while she caught the arm of the last of the



"In the center of this cordon of crime stood Marie."

group and pulled him into the glare of the chandelier.

"And now, Your Majesty, we have the beauty of the bunch, the Hon. William Fielding, *alias* 'Badger Bill.' You have seen the gentleman before. He's a great friend of mine. I'll admit he's not very handsome. That scar, which he received in an argument with a man who wouldn't give up, makes him look a bit bad, but he really has a very good heart, and he likes the looks of Your Majesty. Don't you, Fielding?" And she leered first at Fielding and then at Marie.

"She's a devilish good-looker," said the man, as he allowed his eyes to travel insolently from the top of her pretty head to the tips of her small feet. His action was so manifestly intended to be insulting that the blood surged up through Marie's white neck and becrimsoned her face with a glorious flush as Fielding continued to look at her admiringly.

CHAPTER X.

"Now, my children," said Helen, "Her Majesty knows all about us. Suppose Her Majesty tells us who she is." Marie did not deign to reply, and cast a contemptuous glance at her tormentor.

Helen went on: "She's shy. Therefore, let me tell you, good people. This is Marie Clarkson, *alias* Her Majesty, *alias* 'the lamb.' She hasn't been in New York long. When she came here her golden hair was dallying with her backbone and she was good—oh, very good was the little lamb. Then she met Charlie Fairbanks, and—well, old sports, here she is, and the little white lamb is spotted." And Helen threw a vindictive glance at the figure on the table. Marie's eyes flashed as she heard the shameless words of the Besley woman. With her eyes gleaming and her breath coming in angry gasps, she arose from the chair and said, in a voice of passion and scorn: "Are you brutes, that you should treat an unprotected girl in this way! Have you no self-respect left! My God! Is there not a single human being among you?"

"Hoity-toity; hear Her Majesty talk!" rang out Fielding's voice. "Come, come, my pretty bird, get off your high horse and be one of us. You're a dream, and I wouldn't mind kissing you just for 1—"

But he didn't finish the sentence. Marie stooped over and struck him full in the face. It stopped his amorous declarations, and made the others laugh.

"Let's dance around for Her Majesty's benefit," said Helen. And then began such a dance as had never been seen before. There in a mad caprice around the table they went—the gypsy girl Zericka, "Kid" Annie, "Badger Bill," "Hotel" Jack and Helen, the scarlet woman, forming a living chain of vice. In the center of this cordon of crime stood Marie, the picture of persecuted virtue, hands covering her eyes, so as to shut out the horrible, gibbering crowd.

"Sa-ay, Besley, I can't sing any more," said Courtney after a particularly vociferous medley. "Let's get something to drink. Where does Fairbanks keep his wet stuff?"

In a moment Helen returned from the rear of the apartment with a decanter and glasses. The latter she filled, handing one to Marie, who refused to accept it.

"Oh, oh, my dearie, you won't drink, eh? Here, Fielding, just use your charms on the lady and see if she'll drink for you."

Fielding, nothing loth, forcibly took Marie in his arms and deposited her on a couch on the other side of the room.

(To be continued next month.)



EDWARD J. MORGAN.



J. E. DODSON.



JEROME SYKES.



JOHN E. HENSHAW.

A QUARTETTE OF FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTORS.

All from their latest photographs by Pach and Eddowes, New York ; Baker, Columbus, and Windeatt, Chicago.

THE HATLESS GIRL OF
THE ROOF GARDEN.

From a crayon drawing
by
Frank Hopkinson.



BROADWAY MAGAZINE



ISSUED ON THE 25TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 5.

IT'S hot, of course. You and we would be fools if we didn't know that. It's not too warm, however, for some jubilation on the part of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. No doubt you have noticed the increase in size and general prosperity. Is there any magazine in this country that contains better drawings than those in this issue? We'll answer for you—NO! The publishers have received such fine support from the general public and advertisers that they have concluded to keep on making improvements in whatever direction leads to greater perfection in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. We believe that nothing is too good for our readers. Hence the many contracts made with artists and writers for the best of which they are capable.

* * *

About circulation: It's the easiest thing in the publishing business to talk about and the hardest to get. If it were not for our painful modesty, we could easily claim 150,000 copies per

month and come nearer to proving it than the average publisher who uses these figures with a glibness that is almost convincing. We refrain. But just ask any news-dealer in this country if, from his own experience, he isn't convinced that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE has a circulation of over 100,000. If he doesn't say yes, wire us at once and we'll go into the shoe business.

* * *

Our editorial last month on lynching has caused considerable discussion and letter-writing. Here is a sample:

SAVANNAH, GA., July 2, 1899.
Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
Dear Sir: Your sentiments on lynching, so splendidly put in your July issue, will touch a responsive chord in the heart of every Southerner. Your realistic remarks about "the loathsome touch of a black beast" fairly made me shudder, feeling as I do, being a Southern girl, the most awful abhorrence towards those semi-animals I have learned to dread.
Yours truly,
EDITH GAMMON SMART.

Here is another in a different strain:

READING, PA., July 1.
Mr. Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.
I am an educated Afro-American and have just read your editorial on lynching with indignation. Do you mean to say that you are in favor of lynching? Do you preach barbarity in its most horrible shape? If so, I want to say that I shall never buy another copy of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, although I have been a constant reader for a year.

I wish you would answer this letter.

Respect,
CHARLES E. PORTER.

We do answer it, publicly and with pleasure. We do not preach lynching. We simply asked the question: "Is lynching justifiable?" Then we gave our reasons for stating that Northerners should not and could not answer this question, because they are called upon to meet a theory and not a terrible reality. Those were our sentiments. In fact, they are still. We would be sorry to lose any of our readers, but we would rather lose them than lose our independence. We meant every word we said in our July number and if we had the space we would reproduce the editorial in full.

* * *

The father of Jeffries, the new champion, is a clergyman, and he has shown his Christian spirit by praying in public for the defeat of his son in his coming fight with Sharkey. We don't know any more about clergymen than we do about fighters, but we'll wager a bit that the only man who thinks Dominie Jeffries a type of a perfect Christian gentleman is Mr. Sharkey.

It will Pay you to Read the Advertisements in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

SUMMER FEET BY THE SCORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUST WHEELS" AND
"MY DAD'S A MAZETEER."

Illustrated with photographs from nature by R. L. CURRAN.

PALMISTRY is played out.

No one believes in it to a great extent any more.

No. There is no truth in palmistry and very soon there will be no money.

The foot is different. The foot is simply crowded with character. Why, a young friend of mine says he once met a foot of such strong character (it belonged to the father of the girl he was calling on) that he fell down the front steps of the owner's house in the effort to get away from it. But that's exceptional. That is not the sort of foot of which we're going to treat. We can treat of it if we want to, but we don't want to. We prefer the foot feminine. It's so much nicer.

The foot feminine *never* lunges up against the seat of your trousers; it sometimes catches you below the chin in the effort to lift your hat and make it soar up into the circumambient air, and it *has* been known to turn on the gas in the chandelier with a quick nimble movement; but it is al-

ways shape-ly and always, yes, always, re-fined. The foot feminine can be depended upon to be refined except when it belongs to a stout boarding-house landlady, and then it's apt to be just a trifle coarse.

It doesn't follow that the foot feminine is not refined just because it's not small. We prefer, editorially and personally, a small foot. It's more difficult to fasten a loosed lace on a small foot as a rule, because small shoes have short laces and no one but a man with a clod soul (no, not sole) wants to hurry over fixing a small shoe on the foot feminine.

Now the four pairs of feet on this page are all fair sized, if we are to believe the camera. But don't let us believe the camera. As a rule the feet in a photograph often come out larger than they should, being usually out of focus, which is very unfortunate for them, as they need plenty of focus, just as you and I do. Oh, let us keep lots of focus on hand, so that we may never be out of it!

The feet in the middle section are not photographic, and the artist wanted them small, so small they are.

Feet may be with high or low insteps. The high instep is supposed to denote high birth, but it may be caused by a good, big, fat New Jersey mosquito bite. As for the low instep, it isn't pretty, so it isn't popular. It isn't nice to be called flat-footed any more than it is to have it said that both your feet are lefts. People will put up with a great deal in this world, but they draw the line at being told they are flat-footed. Do you blame them?

Quite at ease!

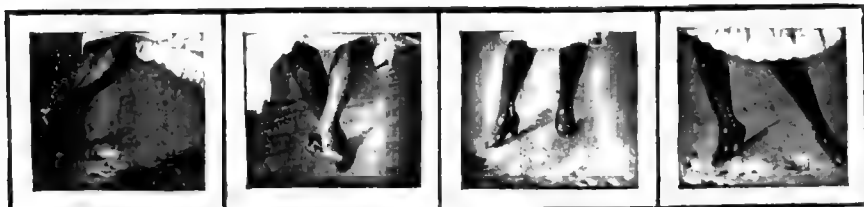
Awfully timid.

Nothing in particular.

Waiting for their salary.

Calm and independent.

Summer Feet by the Score.



This represents no horse, because no horse has eight legs.

The four pairs of little feet at the top of this page are pretty well. We say, they are pretty well. But they are not intended to typify character at all. They look more as

if they wanted to dance, tra-la-la, on the sands of the seashore than anything else.

Well, that's all we can scare up about feet this trip. Come again some other time



WHY SHE THOUGHT SO.

"Yes, he's a fine swimming teacher, and he'd make a splendid bandit, too."

"A bandit! What makes you say that?"

"Because he held me up so beautifully."

RISE AND FALL OF DOTTIE DIMPLES.

Pretty girl,
Tender age;
Brains awlirl
About the stage.
Applies to Frohman,
Poor success;
Tackles Brady—
Even less,
Courts at last
Casino's art;
Straight 'way cast
For thinking part.
In chorus row
Appears this maid,
From bust to toe
In tights arrayed.
Changes name,
Changes air,
Changes color
Of her hair.
Wealthy bald heads
By the score,
Lie in waiting
At her door.
Flowers—mash notes,
Every day;
Wee, small hours
At suppers gay.
Plays the races,
Loves to bet;
Learns to puff
A cigarette.
No expense
Too great for her.
Spends a fortune
On fifteen per.



Miss Austin as seen by R. L. Curran's Camera.

ANITA AUSTIN, CASINO BEAUTY.

And that's saying a good deal. To be a Casino beauty means that you must shine with a candle-power sufficient to make the other lights look like open plumbing in a field of purest gold. We hope you'll note the extreme ingeniousness of this simile. At any rate, Miss Austin is of the Casino, and once having attained that honor, she can play in any old place and still retain the calcium-like distinction that always attaches to the alumni or undergraduates of Lederer's Luscious Limelight Legion.

A BIG NEW YORK DAILY IN TROUBLE.

OTHER EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF NEWSPAPERS AND MEN YOU KNOW—AND DON'T KNOW.

ASK HANNA
THE NAME OF
PAPER.

There is considerable trepidation in the business office of a big New York newspaper that last year received nearly a quarter of a million dollars from the national Republican party. The publishers want Hanna *et al.* to guarantee a fund of \$400,000 for the next twelve months, and there is considerable kicking over the traces by the Ohioan who made Davenport famous. If the money isn't forthcoming we can look for a cutting in salaries on this particular newspaper.

OPPER ON
THE JOURNAL.
WHY?

The general consensus of opinion about Oppen's entry into the *Journal* ranks may be comprised in one word, and that word is Why? Oppen can draw funny pictures; there isn't any question about that, because they have been in evidence in times past; but the readers of the *Journal* are anxiously and vainly waiting for him to draw some now. So far none has appeared, and that big, gigantic Why? looms up accordingly. The trouble, no doubt, is that he has been removed from the old *Puck* atmosphere, in which the artists could exchange ideas, as artists always should, and charge it in that way with humor. There is a great deal in atmosphere. After a while Oppen—his name originally was Oppenheimer, I am told, though that hasn't anything to do with the case—will get used to the *Journal* atmosphere, and perhaps turn out really funny work. He is no good as a cartoonist, of course, and if he were he would stand no chance with Homer Davenport.

PUCK
HAS
CHANGED.

That same *Puck* atmosphere is a good deal different from what it once was. Of the real old crowd, Dalrymple and Ehrhart are now the sole representatives. Gone are Keppler and Oppen and Bunner, and the artists on the staff only see each other in business hours, anyway. To me, *Puck* is as good as it ever was, but it seems to have lost a good deal of its influence and,

probably, some of its circulation, now that the weird "Sunday Supplement" has cut into it.

THE M'S
OF
LIFE.

As for *Life*, it runs on optimistically. "Jim" Metcalfe is doing excellent work. As for the million dollars a minute supposed to be paid out each week to Charles Dana Gibson for his "Mr. Pipp" series, why, Messrs. Mitchell & Miller attend to that little matter. There seems, by the way, to be a great run in *Life* office on the letter M—Mitchell, Miller, Metcalfe, Masson.

THE BLOW
ALMOST
KILLED—

There is a good deal of regret among the professional joke-writers (commonly called paragraphists, for euphony's sake) that the *Evening Journal* is no longer the sweet mark it was in days gone by, when the management of that vesper periodical paid out piles and piles of greenbacks for fleeting jokes and pictures from any carpenter with strength enough in his fingers to hold a pen. The *Evening Journal* still has the jokes and the pictures, but the former are perpetrated by a youth chained and working by the week for the wage of \$25. The pictures are usually good, especially those by Tom S. Allen, whose "kid" pictures are really all right.

PLAIN PERSONALS.

A. J. Kenealy, who used to be "it" on the *World* Supplement, and who lost all his friends on account of it, but who turned out a good paper nevertheless, went to Cuba as a correspondent. When he came back, he found his former friends had been too many for him in his absence, and so he's now on the *Journal*. Sweet camaraderie of Park Row!

Colonel Taylor, editor and proprietor of the *Boston Globe*, feels good when he counts his money each week, and feels better when people refer to the heroism of his son in Cuba.

Cory is doing poor work for the *World*. If Alfred Henry Lewis fights as well as he writes, don't quarrel with him.

PARK ROW.

You do not get all the value out of the Broadway Magazine unless you read the advertisements.



Mary
Mannering
As
"THE
SUMMER
GIRL."

From a photograph,
Copyright, 1899, by
B. J. Falk,
New York.

With artistic
and additional
furbelows by
Harry E.
Gordon,
of the
BROADWAY
MAGAZINE
Art
Staff.

SNAPSHOT OF A STRING OF STAGE FOLK AT LONG BRANCH.
Who are they? Pick them out yourself.



PLEASING PERSONALS.

A LADY of refined instincts and gentle up-bringing who wishes to meet a gentleman of equal culture and refinement will not find him by advertising in this manner. Remarks, however, may be addressed to
SMOOTH, Box 4.

POOR young man, but healthy, would be glad to provide home for wife with \$100,000 a year. No postal cards.
ROY, Box 982.

WILL the voluptuous blonde lady who tripped and fell into the lap of the tall dark gentleman in a 23rd Street crosstown car on Wednesday last consider the incident a rehearsal? Object, matrimony. Box 212.

FINE looking young Austrian nobleman will do anything for money. Willing to be horsewhipped for a reasonable figure. AL., Box 484.

IF any of the five wives I married in Chicago will communicate with me I will be glad. Am tired of bachelor life and feel domestic once more.

Blarzay, Box 28.

AM rich but not vulgar. Have wart on my nose and a very red face. Would be glad to marry young man with sufficient nerve to escort me to roof gardens and places. Stout, Downtown Office.



Broadway Summer Girls

25 cts

AND OTHERS

25 cts

Is the name of the Broadway Quarterly No. II.

(THREE REGULAR NUMBERS IN ONE)



UST the thing for the heated season, when the summer sun's rabid rays beat down on the New Yorker's devoted, though bald, head. And price—25 cents. Who and what are

Broadway Summer Girls?

Well, WHAT they are : BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. II. We do not think another word more need be said in addition to THAT recommendation.

WHO they are is another matter. Here is a list of a few of the

Broadway Summer Girls

(THAT IS TO SAY—BROADWAY QUARTERLY NO. II.)

Two of them in Greek Costume at Pelham Bay.
Many on the shore.
Some just about to dive.
Dotty Dimples at the seashore.

Swinging around the May-pole.
Marguerite Sylva starting to dive.
The French bathing costume.
On the rocks.
And many, many, many others.

AS TO THE OTHERS

Zelma Rawlston	Mary Van Buren	Maude Fealy
Letty Lind	Cheridah Simpson	Belle Harper
Dorothy Usner	Pauline Train	Ada Rehan
Emma Levey	Flora Hengler	Ada Dare
Dorothy Rossmore	Edna Wallace Hopper	Mabel Fenton
Ollie Lowe	Ursula Gurnett	Mae Bradley
Paula Edwardes	May Hengler	
Clarisse Agnew		
Neila Bergen		

But there ; why go on ? Get it and see for yourself. It's full of just such pictures as will

25 cts
25 cts

delight your summer-saturated soul and make you satisfied with excessive heat.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 1123 Broadway, N. Y. City

5,000 (NEARLY) PEOPLE WRITE US EVERY MONTH

FOR SINGLE COPIES OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

IT is evident that these people do not live near news-stands; therefore, in order to induce them to become regular subscribers to the magazine, and to save them the trouble of sending in from month to month, we make this

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send us \$1.00 in check, money-order or cash (money sent through the mail is safe in 999 cases out of 1,000) and we will send you the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the next twelve months and also the back numbers from January, 1899, up to date. This offer has never been made before and probably will not be made again. So take advantage of it at once, and send us the dollar.

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.,

1123 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK CITY.

EDNA
MAY
WHO
WANTS
A
DIVORCE.

London and
New York
Know Her Well.

From a photo by Alfred Ellis, London.

A NEW ENGLISH PICTURE OF EDNA MAY.

WHEN pretty Edna May went to London to play the Salvation Lass in "The Belle of New York," she and her husband, Fred J. Titus, were on good terms. But things have changed, and Miss May expresses her determination to get a divorce, while her husband and his family say she has no grounds for an action. It will be remembered that Miss May was reported to be engaged to a scion of the house of Cavendish, who was said to be in the line of succession to the title and estates of the Duke of Devonshire. He wasn't. At the same time, Miss May was Mrs. Titus, and that settled the other part of the rumor. Mr. and Mrs. Titus are sure to air their grievances in court sooner or later.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

LATEST AMERICAN PICTURE OF MRS. GOODWIN.

MAXINE
ELLIOTT
DID
NOT
STARTLE
LONDON.

Appeared in
"The Lady
and the
Cowboy."

LONDON has talked of Maxine Elliott's good looks, although it has not been so impressed with her as a player. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Goodwin is at the present time a mighty good actress, and she does not require all her present beauty to make her acceptable. But London couldn't see "The Lady and the Cowboy" with a field glass, and this must be blamed on Clyde Fitch, the author, rather than on Nat Goodwin or his leading lady. Miss Elliott's gowns and her way of wearing them have caused considerable discussion among London fashion writers, who generally declare that she is the most stunningly gowned woman on the London boards. Thus it can be seen that Miss Elliott has not failed to attract attention.

CHARLES L. RITZMANN

Photographs of Celebrities

943 Broadway & 171½ Fifth Ave. | N. Y. CITY



Collection of 150,000

to select from, collected from all parts of the world. We supply Newspapers, Magazines, Lithographers, Artists, and Collectors.

We will send you three cabinets for \$1.00. Just now Maude Adams as *Juliet*, Faversham as *Romeo*, Hackett as *Mercutio* are most in demand. Also Mrs. Leslie Carter, Julia Marlowe, Marcia Van Dresser, Maxine Elliott, Mary Anderson, Viola Allen, etc.

Send 25 cents for a sample card of twenty-five pictures in reduced fac-simile of originals.

CHARLES L. RITZMANN
943 Broadway and 171½ Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK CITY



Showing a portion of the immense stock in Mr. Ritzmann's Broadway store

I am publishing every two weeks one of a series of Card Photographs entitled **RITZMANN'S CELEBRITIES**. Price, 25 cents each. Subscription price, \$5.00 a year. Each of the series contains reduced fac-similes of twenty-five of the latest photos made. Send for the last one published.

Perfume Tablets

For
My
Lady's
Toilet

The old fashioned idea
of using liquid perfume
has given way to the ad-
vantageous use of the
modern

Perfume
Tablet.

Perfume in tablet form can be placed any-
where among clothing, or carried about
the person, always imparting a delicate
and haunting fragrance, and, unlike liquid
perfume, will not stain the most delicate
fabric. The élite of London, Paris and
New York use only

Perfume Tablets.

One tablet will perfume the contents of a
glove or handkerchief box for weeks

Otto of Roses

usually retails for
25 cents a drop

M. S. Violets

By mail, post paid, for

Price, 50c. a Bottle, or Three Bottles for \$1.00

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BROADWAY TOILET CO.

1121 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH

MAKES long rich
glossy hair, gives
freedom from head-
ache and neuralgia.
Prevents Dandruff,
Falling Hair and
Baldness.

Try it six months;
if not found as repre-
sented, return it and
money will be refund-
ed. Price

**ONE
DOLLAR**

at Dry Goods Stores
and Druggists, or sent
postpaid on approval,
for \$1.10.

GEO. A. SCOTT
ROOM 2
842 Broadway, New York
A Valuable Book Free
Agents Wanted

Broadway Magazine Advertiser.

Why pay Forty, Twenty, Ten, or even Five Cents for Sheet Music when you can get it from us for only Two and One-Half Cents?

♦ FULL SIZE ♦

♦ GOOD PAPER ♦

2½ Cts.

SHEET MUSIC

a Copy

♦ LARGE TYPE ♦

♦ UNABRIDGED ♦

WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish our readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged Sheet Music for twenty-five cents. The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-priced copyright pieces or the most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type—including colored titles—and is in every way first-class, and worthy of a place in your home. OVER 3,000,000 COPIES ALREADY SOLD.

LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

No. PIANO OR ORGAN.

195. Leap Year Schottische Kahn
193. Poet and Peasant Overture (Suppe) Brunner
191. Over the Waves Waltzes Rosas
187. Austrian Song Pacher
185. Her bright smile haunts me still. Vari. Richards
183. Golden Rain Nocturne Cloy
181. And Lang Sene. Variations Durkee
179. Beauties of Paradise Waltz, 4hands Streibson
177. Frolic of the Frogs Waltz Watson
175. Six National Songs of America Blake
173. Hobson of the Merrimack. Waltzes Jewell
171. Old Oaken Bucket, The. Variations Durkee
169. Smith's (General) March Martin
167. Red, White and Blue Forever. March Blake
165. American Liberty March Cooke
163. Dewey's Grand Triumphant March Marcell
161. Silvery Waves. Variations Wyman
159. Lee's (Gen'l) On To Cuba Galop Durkee
157. Last Hope, The. Meditation Gottschalk
155. Evergreen Waltz Stoddard
153. Jenny Lind Polka. Four hands Muller
151. The Storm. Imitation of Nature Weber
149. Salem Witches March—Two-Step Missud
147. Grand Commandery March—Two-Step Missud
145. Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two-Step Missud
143. Richmond March—Two-Step Missud
141. London March—Two-Step Missud
139. Home Sweet Home. Transcription Slack
135. Nightingale's Trill, op. 81 Kullak
133. Cadences and Scales in all the Keys
131. Monastery Bells. Nocturne Welty
127. Rustling Leaves. Dylle Lange
125. My Old Kentucky Home. Variation Cook
123. Old Folks at Home. Transcription Blake
119. Woodland Whispers Waltzes Stanley
109. (Bridal March from Lohengrin Wagner
107. Sultan's Band March Brown
101. Ancients Abroad. March—Two-Step Cook
99. Maiden's Prayer. The Badarzewska
95. Spirit Lake Waltz Simons
93. Waves of the Ocean March Blake
87. National Anthems of Eight Great Nations
85. Winsome Grace. A perfect gem Howe
83. (Orvetta) Waltz Spencer
79. Rustic Waltz Schumann
77. Please Do Waltz Durkee
73. Storm Mazurka Keefer
71. Crystal Dew Waltz Durkee
69. Flirting in the Starlight. Waltz Leside
67. Bryan and Sewall March Nolcs
63. McKinley and Hobart March Turner
59. Wedding March Mendelssohn

No. PIANO OR ORGAN—Continued.

57. Twilight Echoes. Song without words Jewell
51. Bluebird Echo Polka Morrison
47. Cleveland's March Nolcs
37. Battle of Waterloo Anderson
35. Black Hawk Waltzes Walsh
33. Corn Flower Waltzes Coote, Jr.
22. In Hoc Signo Vincas. 1895 K. T. March Daw

No. VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.

196. Killarney Balfe
194. She Sleeps among the Daisies Dinamore
192. Can you, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret? Estabrooke
190. Come When the Soft Twilight Falls Schumann
188. In the Starlight. Duet Glover
186. Whistling Wife, The. Come Randall
184. I can't forget the Happy Past Skelly
182. Father is Drinking Again. Temp. Beckmore
180. Far Away Bliss
178. God Bless my kind old Mother Jewell
176. Darling Nellie Gray Hanby
174. Parted from our dear Ones Keller
172. Mother's Welcome at the Door Estabrooke
170. My Old Kentucky Home Foster
168. Coon's Branch of Promise. Cake-Walk Blake
166. From our Home the Loved are Going Perry
164. Larboard Watch. Duet Williams
162. Ben Bolt, of "Trilby" fame Knacas
160. Outcast, An. Character Song Frits
158. Thinking of Home and Mother Cohen
156. Flag of Our Country. Patriotic Mathoit
154. Gypsy Countess. Duet Glover
152. Poor Girl Didn't Know. Come Cooke
150. Listen to the Mocking Bird Hawthorne
148. Beautiful Moonlight. Duet
146. Kiss me, but don't say goodbye Rutledge
144. Don't drink, my Boy, tonight. Temp. Hooser
142. Storm at Sea. Descriptive Hullah
140. Tread softly, the Angels are calling Turner
138. Lost Chord. The Sullivan
136. Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber) Foster
134. On the Beach. Most beautiful ballad Robinson
132. Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again? Adviance
130. What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet Glover
128. Lovely Little Nellie Dwyer Casey
126. Precious Treasure. song and Dance Weiler
124. Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott, The Reussmann
122. Love ever Faithful Bucalossi
120. For the Colors. Patriotic Wilson
118. By Normandie's Blue Hills Trotter
116. Lurline, Do you think of me now? Estabrooke
114. Keep the Horseshoe over the Door Skelly
112. Esther's Lullaby. Slumber Song Mosher

Orders to be by Numbers (not names), and to be for not less than TEN Pieces.

DON'T FORGET that the price you have to pay for this sheet music is only twenty-five cents; that for this you get ten pieces, not one; that the quality is the best; that it is sent to any address, postpaid; that all the little details are up to the standard—including colored titles; that the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments; that the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody; that this sheet music is equal to any published. Also don't forget to make your selection at once, to send us the order, and to tell your friends about this great Sheet Music Offer. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write your name, full address, and list of pieces wanted by the numbers, enclose this, with stamps or silver, and mail or bring to address given below, and the music will be mailed from Boston, postage prepaid.

PRICE OF ABOVE PIECES.

Any 10 for 25 cents.

Any 21 for 50 cents.

The Entire 100 for \$2.25.

To be secured at this price only through this office.

Address: Song Department, Broadway Magazine, 1123 Broadway, New York.



THE
LADY
OF
THE
TURTLE.

Sadie
Martinot
Fully
Dressed
This Time.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

A NEW PICTURE OF MISS MARTINOT.

THE trouble experienced by "The Turtle" during its San Francisco run again directed eyes towards Sadie Martinot, who first undressed in that piece before New York audiences. We never knew how wicked was "The Turtle" until it was made the subject of newspaper discussion in San Francisco—a city which has never borne the reputation of being unduly shrinking. Anything that makes San Francisco stare can be reasonably expected to give heart disease to shy and inexperienced New York. It will be remembered by our regular readers that the BROADWAY MAGAZINE of November, 1898, contained an article entitled "'The Turtle' is Swift," fully illustrated with pictures of Miss Martinot.

THE
MOST
ENGAGED
GIRL
IN
AMERICA.

That's what
they call
Ethel Barrymore

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S LATEST PICTURE.

PERHAPS Miss Barrymore is maligned. At any rate, the public has at various times engaged her to the young Duke of Manchester, to Richard Harding Davis, and to a young member of the "Secret Service" company with whom she played two seasons ago. However, she is still single. Even this fact, coupled with the one that she is only a young girl, does not silence the tongue of rumor, and we may expect to hear at any moment that she is engaged to the Duke of Barataria or the Count de Plupp. In the meantime, Miss Barrymore, under the ever watchful eyes of her relatives, the John Drews, goes her pretty way with all the ingenuousness of youth and an unburdened mind

NEARLY 100,000 PHOTOGRAPHS SOLD!

Read the Reason Why below



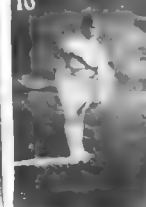
These pictures are copyrighted by B. J. Falk, New York City, and cannot be reproduced without a specified agreement.

1. Julia Mariowa. 2. Lillian Russell.
3. Grace Freeman. 4. Minnie Ashley.
5. Chauncey Olcott. 6. William Faversham.
7. James K. Hackett. 8. E. H. Sothorn.
9. Cissie Fitzgerald. 10. Marie Jansen.
11. Anna Held. 12. Mary Mannering.
13. Edna Wallace Hopper. 14. Madge Lessing.

Each of these photographs is a reduced facsimile of the original, and is only about one-thirtieth the size of the original.

THE PRICES

- Any One of the Fourteen 15 Cents.
- Any Two of the Fourteen 25 Cents.
- Any Four of the Fourteen 50 Cents.
- Any Nine of the Fourteen \$1.00.



All that has happened heretofore in the advertising world simply pales before the results obtained recently by the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. In the June number pictures of Edna Wallace Hopper and Madge Lessing were offered for fifteen cents each or two for twenty-five cents. They were copyrighted pictures by the well-known photographer, B. J. Falk. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE had not been on the stands for more than two days when hundreds of answers, each with money, came into the office. The answers came so swiftly that Mr. Falk was hardly able to print the number required in even a reasonable length of time.

We now make a similar, though wider offer, the particulars of which are given above. Mr. Falk, with enlarged printing facilities, can now supply all that are wanted. Each is an original copyrighted photograph—not a copy—cabinet size, that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than thirty-five cents.

The prices given above can be obtained only from the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. We make no money, but we attract your attention to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and, incidentally, we prove the invaluable use of our pages as an advertising medium. Another of the

results, besides the one already mentioned, is that the insertion of this offer in the July number brought no less than 1,250 REPLIES ! ! !

Two orders were for 1,000 each from dealers who will sell the pictures for regular prices.

We need hardly say more.

What other magazine can say as much?

Exactly What These Pictures Are:

Each is a regular thirty-five cent copyrighted Falk photo. Each is an original and not a copy. They are printed on beautiful new mat paper with platinum effect. They cannot be secured, either from Mr. Falk, or photo dealers anywhere, for less than thirty-five cents. They are fully protected by the copyright law. Most of them are the favorite portraits of the players selected.

Do not delay, but send your money now. Read the above prices very carefully, and send stamps, silver, money-order or check to

Photograph Dept. BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
1123 Broadway, New York City.

TO OUR READERS

TELL US what you like and dislike in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. Tell us what you would like to have us leave out or put in, our course being entirely steered according to the opinions and support of our readers. It is in this way that we have been able to add to our news-stand and subscription sales during months that are generally considered in the publishing business to be extremely bad. Address anything you may have to say to the

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR, BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO., 1123 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Something Every Pretty Woman Needs

Hepner's Violet Face Powder

MADE ONLY BY

WILLIAM HEPNER

Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York
and 97 Washington St., Chicago

Also, HEPNER'S CELEBRATED WIGS

Used by the most beautiful women of the stage, who are unusually particular about face powder.

Nothing else like it on the market. In shades running from No. 1 to 10.

Send 25 cents for a box and mention shade. You will never use any other.

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HAD DONE HIS BEST.

CUSTOMER (*angrily*)—I believe there is water in your milk.

HONEST MILKMAN—Yes, madam, there is. I have on several occasions urged the cows to be more careful, but they insist that, as they are strict teetotallers, it is impossible for them to dispense entirely with Nature's beverage.

WORTH CULTIVATING.

OLD HARD CASH—I've decided to take young Sharpleigh into business with me as soon as he and my daughter get back from their honeymoon.

BULLION BONDS—But I thought you saw no good in the fellow.

OLD HARD CASH—I didn't at first, but I've changed my mind. I told him he couldn't have my daughter till he had at least \$5,000 in the bank. He got me to put it in writing, and then went out and borrowed the \$5,000 on the

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defences it. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless as to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, 37 Great Jones St., NEW YORK.

strength of becoming my son-in-law. Such business ability as that mustn't be allowed to go to waste.

JIMMY (*reading*)—Then his father looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger—**TOMMY**—Whew! I wish my dad was built that way.

\$13.25 **DUCE 1899** Ladies or Gents **WELSH FREIGHT** BICYCLES. We sell high-grade Bicycles for less than any other concern in the world. Left-over '98 Models less than cost, others at \$8, \$10 and \$12. Guaranteed for 2 yrs. Our Model 11, Three Crown Frame is the best out for 1899. Agents Wanted. Catalogue of bicycles Sundries Free. Address Dep B 84 VICTOR MAN'G CO., 295-297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. No money required in advance.

EDWARD J. MERRIAM

General Paper Dealer

23 Beekman Street
New York City

THINGS YOU CAN BUY BY MAIL.

Price of advertisements in this department is 40 cents a line, net. Send money with copy by first of month. This department will bring you big mail results. Our readers patronize our columns

MARRIAGE PAPER for stamp: many very rich. F.F. MASON, 114 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

MARRIAGE PAPER, 3 months, for 10c.; many rich. MESSENGER, 13, Stoughton, Mass.

LOVE CHARM or how to make anyone love you with everlasting love without fail. Acts quickly. Used personally or in correspondence. Full secret and ten popular songs sent sealed to those having no evil intentions for 10 cts. silver. **GEM SUPPLY CO.**, Box Z, 41, Austin, Ill.

French Girls FROM LIFE. Interesting to everybody. The real thing. 12c. **Western Novelty Co.**, San Francisco, Cal.

PLAYS, WIGS, Moustaches, Beards, Stage Make-ups, Tricks and Novelties. Agts. wanted. Illustrated cat. free. **Chas. E. Marshall, Mfr.** Lockport, N. Y.

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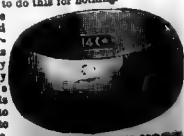
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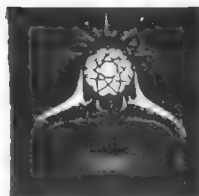
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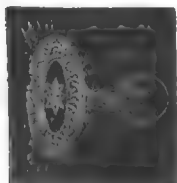
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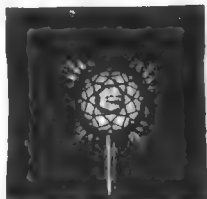
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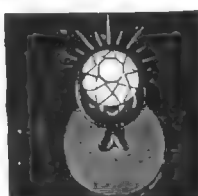
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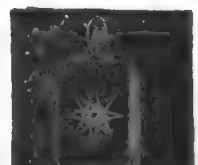
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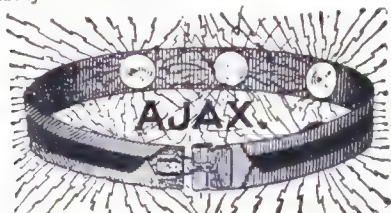
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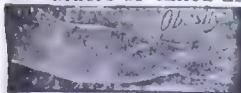
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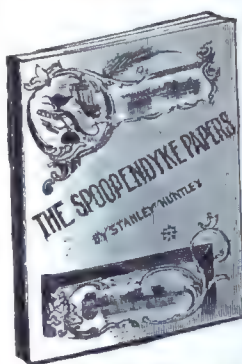
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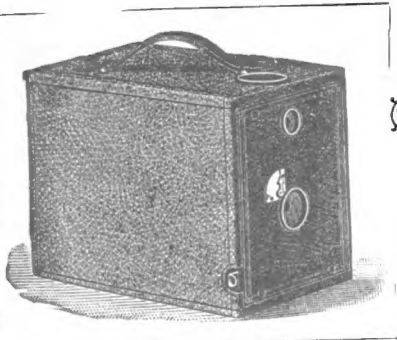
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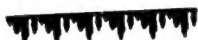


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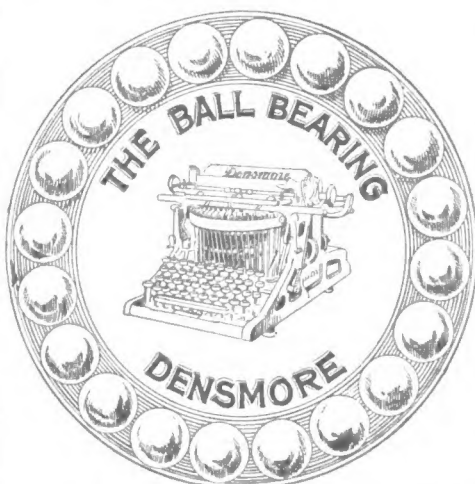
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